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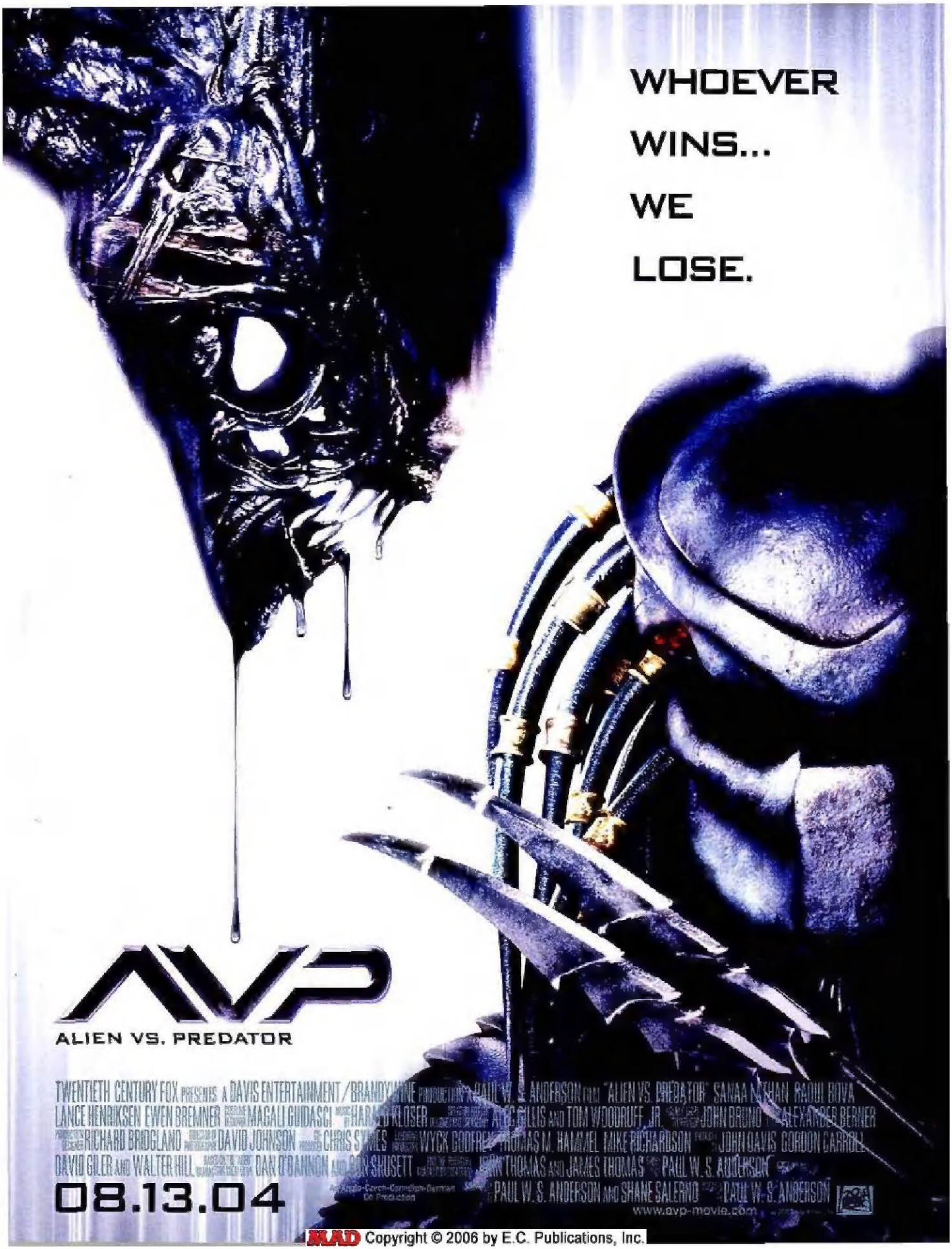

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MAD

AUGUST 2004 NUMBER 444

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"THE LAST SUPPER" ARTIST:
RICHARD WILLIAMS

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THE BIG TEACHER'S PET

When I was done with a test in school, I began reading a MAD. My teacher caught sight of the cover and yelled "What's that?" She grabbed the issue right out of my hands, looked at it more closely and sent me to the principal's office. I was suspended for two days because I'd been given warnings before about bringing MAD to school and this was the last straw, they said!

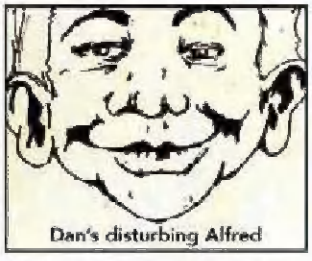
Edward Mjelde, San Diego, CA

Special Ed — Thank you for your eye-opening tale. We're sure that our readers will learn a great deal from your experience. Namely, that reading MAD in class is a sure-fire way to land a long weekend. No need to thank us! —Ed. If any of you have stories involving teachers and MAD, send them to: Amy "The Big Teacher's Pet" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019!

MUCH ADO ABOUT HUTCHINGS

I was stoked to see my envelope in MAD #441. Everyone in group thought it was wicked cool. Seeing my "art" inspired me to send this next envelope. My Alfred E. is coming along nicely (now it actually looks like him). Soon I will begin placing said idiot kid's mug on many and various people, animals and objects. Jim Hutchings will weep in bitter lament over his downfall. Prepare for the age of the Root, an age of black ink and stamps and envelopes and MAD magazine.

Dan Root, Pittsfield, MA

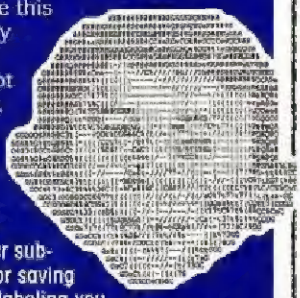


Dan's disturbing Alfred

You Can't Handle the Root — Normally we love when someone tries to out-envelope the unstoppable force known as Jim Hutchings. True, Jim's contributions sometimes leave us a little unsettled. But yours, Dan, chills us to our very souls. Simply put, Jim is the lesser of two evils — and that's *really* saying something! We'll print your Alfred, but the rest of the envelope will be sent to the proper authorities! Thanks for writing! —Ed.

The Big Easel

I'm a big dork! So my "Big Easel" entry is some ASCII art. It's Alfred E. Neuman. I hope this is the only entry you get so my pathetic attempt will make print.



Logan Feeley, Concord, NC

Touchy Feeley — Thank you for your submission — and for saving us the trouble of labeling you a big dork! We can safely say that yours will be the *only* ASCII art submission we will ever get. But if you squint at our response to B.J. Kuxhausen, you can make out a startling portrait of MAD artist John Caldwell! —Ed.

P.S. Think you can do better than Logan? Send in the pictures of your Alfred creations using *uncommon and unconventional art materials* to: Amy "The Big Easel" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019!

Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

I have a wish for the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*. I'm an eighth grader right now, and am going to be a freshman soon. I can't wait until high school, because I will soon be able to drive — but that's the problem. I recently inherited a 1976 Datsun 710 station wagon and it really isn't a "pimp mobile." I was hoping, using your highly advanced computer graphics, that you could soup up my ride and give me a good reason to attend high school next year.

B.J. Kuxhausen, Glenwood, IA

Let it B.J. — You're in luck! The board of the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™* loved the idea of "pimpin' your ride"! We hope you like the improvements! For starters, we changed your oil and filters; we realigned your tires; we replaced your brake pads; we gave you some fly new fan belts; we topped off your anti-freeze *and* gave you some new wiper blades! We know your new tricked-out Datsun will have the shorties buggin'! Thanks for writing to the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™* —Ed.

P.S. to readers: Think you can do a better job pimpin out B.J.'s car? Just send a picture of your designs (please include your e-mail address) to: Amy "The Big Pimp Out" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019!

MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS

When my previous three-year subscription to MAD (thanks to a picture of Spike Lee and I in issue #398) ran out last November, I felt a lot of emotions — most strongly, cheapness. Currently lying for *Star* magazine in Los Angeles, I figured I could probably get a copy of a celebrity holding MAD in the seconds before they and/or their publicists punch me in the face. Then I remembered that Jonny Fairplay's in love with my boss and decided it would be easier to just exploit that relationship. Jonny complained that **THE CD'S *NIFTY FIFTY*™** list had "Johnny (sp) Fairplay *or* Rupert Boneham" and I tried consoling him by saying that I didn't make the list at all — but that didn't make him feel any better. He then took both the issue with the **THE CD'S *NIFTY FIFTY*™** list and the issue I had him hold (where he's mentioned in *Monroe*) and sojourned with my boss (whom I'm also in love with). She may care about him more for *almost* winning *Survivor*, but let's see how she feels for someone who *does* win a three-year subscription to MAD.

Josh Herman, Los Angeles, CA

Josh and Survivor Jonny forming an alliance in L.A.!

Osh Kosh B'Josh — We're gonna give you the three-year subscription. However, clearly the *real* winner is your boss — who has somehow managed to snap up two of California's most eligible bachelors in one fell swoop! Not since Charles Manson has a single person so captivated a bunch of wackadoos! Congrats! —Ed.

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WHO WILL BE PRESIDENT OF THE MONROE FAN CLUB?

In MAD #441 we asked readers to send in their names and a brief explanation as to why they should be the new President of the Monroe Fan Club and not Robert Driver (who is trying to oust current ne'er-do-well President Ken McClelland). The response was overwhelming! What follows are the platforms of the candidates. But first, we begin with a missive of dissent:

First off, I would just like to respond to the obviously misinformed Robert Driver that there is no sense in replacing Ken McClelland as the President of the Monroe Fan Club, for it has already been done, and I was elected the Chief of Monroe a mere year ago (MAD #428). I would love to accept that trigger-happy Driver, but as the Constitution of Monroe has been stated in Article Z, Rule 238 — "There shalleth be no reelection to the duties of President for three complete years unless the nominee declines the votes" — sorry, but no go!

Zeb Williams, Candler, NC

Lil' Zebbie — It's true, we did forget you were the duly elected President of the Monroe Fan Club, but can you blame us? If you were a team player, if you had done a single thing for your constituents, you wouldn't be in the same reviled position as your ne'er-do-well predecessor, Ken McClelland. Your mad grab for power is shameful and has all been for naught! In the immortal words of Donald Trump: "We're letting you go!" —Ed.

I hereby nominate myself, Gloria Tarantino, to be President of the Monroe Fan Club. I promise to be a fair leader. I will be active in the everyday events and lives of all the people, unlike that lazy, sorry loser of a President we have now, Ken McClelland. I promise that if any shady dealings go on while I am in office I will, in true political fashion, deny any wrongdoing until my dying day. I will be a woman for the people. As leader, I promise that Monroe will get the respect and the last name he deserves! Power to the Monroeans! Vote Tarantino in 2004!

Gloria Tarantino, Gladwin, MI

I believe that I, Marion Czechowski, should be the new President of the Monroe Fan Club! Why, you ask? I am only 12 years old and so I won't just up and die like some old-timers!

Marion Czechowski, Forestville, NY

I'm really excited to get the once-in-a-lifetime chance to run for President of the Monroe Fan Club. I am the person you want because I don't use big words (don't believe in them) and I was the first member to join back in April, 2002. Never did I know it would change my life as little as it did.

Andy Anderson, Lakeland, FL

I hereby nominate myself to be the new President of the Monroe Fan Club. I'm 41 and probably won't become President of the United States, but this could be the next best thing for me. It would make my mom proud!

Tom Cutrofello, Woodside, NY

Like Robert, I also believe that Ken McClelland should be impeached and that I should take his spot. A look at my résumé easily shows that I am perfect for the job. Among other things I shouldn't be proud about, I was the winner of the Alfred E. Neuman look-a-like contest in the June, 2002, issue. I'm also looking forward to my possible career future (I'm either going to be a toilet cleaner at a local gas station or a janitor at the local high school). As President of the Monroe Fan Club, I promise to be a great leader for about two months and only after that start becoming lazy and inactive like Ken! Vote Pritzlaff in 2004!

John Pritzlaff, Milwaukee, WI

I think I should replace Ken as the President of the Monroe Fan Club. The reason is, I have lived very close to a kid just like Monroe for about three years. The similarities between them are creepy, right down to the bad haircut! So, I could understand exactly what Monroe and his family wants and needs. So vote Jeremy Flint for Monroe Fan Club President!

Jeremy Flint, Cocoa, FL

I have been a subscriber and reader of MAD for many years. Monroe and I go way back! So, if you all choose me to be the President of the Monroe Fan Club, I will not be scared, like Ken, and will pursue my duty as President.

Donnah Gordon, Bethel Island, CA

I am nominating myself as President of the Monroe Fan Club. As a charter member of the fan club, I have been eagerly waiting for Ken McClelland to begin activities, to no avail. Anyway, the first thing I would do, if elected, is encourage all readers of Monroe to read the panels of the stories all on one page first, instead of across the crack of the magazine, the way it is intended to be read, because it makes for a more amusing story. The second thing I would do is to have a contest for all fan club members to decide what it is that Monroe has on top of his head. Third, I would encourage fan club members to write in and tell why their lives are more pathetic that Monroe's. I would have prizes, give-aways, balloons and maybe even an autographed picture of Ken McClelland!

Darryl Gonzalez, Severn, MD

I would give anything in the world to replace the lazy, good-for-nothing Ken McClelland as President of the Monroe Fan Club. I strongly believe that Monroe is the glue (or in this case the staples) that hold your hilarious magazine together. Elect me, Miles Trahan, and I will give the growing number of Monroe fans a voice. P.S. In memory of Howard Dean, I'd like to leave you with my closing statement, "Yaaaaaaaaaaah!!"

Miles Trahan, Port Washington, NY

Oh come on, a recall election? Please just let me lose my administration. The voters have spoken the first time!

Ken McClelland, Reston, VA

VOTE FOR THE MONROE FAN CLUB PRESIDENT!

OK readers, it's time for you to vote! Please mark the name of the candidate you'd most like to see as the next President of the Monroe Fan Club:

☐ ZEB WILLIAMS	☐ ANDY ANDERSON	☐ JEREMY FLINT	☐ MILES TRAHAN
☐ GLORIA TARANTINO	☐ TOM CUTROFELLO	☐ DONNAH GORDON	☐ KEN MCCLELLAND
☐ MARION CZECHOWSKI	☐ JOHN PRITZLAFF	☐ DARRYL GONZALEZ	

Mail your ballot to Amy "The Big Voter" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. You can also fax your ballot, in care of Amy, to 212-506-4848. We'll announce the "winner" in an upcoming issue. Remember, if you don't vote, you can't bitch!

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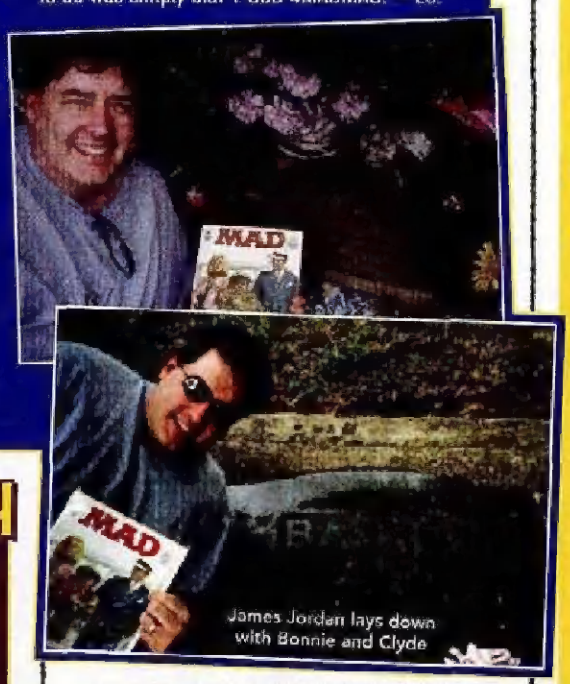
MAD CEMETERY SNAPS

After seeing your contest about celebrity graves, I started looking long and hard in the Dallas, Texas area. I found that Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow are resting peacefully somewhere in Dallas. I had seen that MAD #119 did "Balmy and Clod." I grabbed a copy of this issue at a local comic book store and started hunting for the final resting place of the young bloody bandits. Bonnie was easy to find, she is in a public cemetery in Dallas, but Clyde was another issue altogether. He is buried in a private cemetery in Dallas. I called around to get access to the property and had no luck. I found a Bonnie and Clyde tour that would take me to the private cemetery where Clyde is buried. I grabbed the issue, my camera and jumped on the tour bus. You can just imagine the looks on the faces of the over 45-year-old crowd standing around looking at the grave as I plopped down on the ground and my wife snapped the pictures. I never laughed so hard as I did getting back on the bus. I got to do it all over again an hour later at Bonnie's grave.

James Jordan, Lewisville, TX

Soup du Jordan — While we applaud your efforts to receive a one-year subscription for your Cemetery Snaps, we must question your fiscal logic. Bear with us as we do a little arithmetic. The cost of MAD #119: $10; bus tour tickets for you and the missus: $30; and film development and processing: $12.50. This brings the total cost of your "free" subscription to $52.50! We're not even figuring in the price of bail money and marriage counseling. Ironically, your scheme to get a subscription took more planning and dangerous risks than any of Bonnie and Clyde's actual bank robberies! All you had to do was simply dial 1-800-4MADMAG! —Ed.



MAD FAN OF THE MONTH

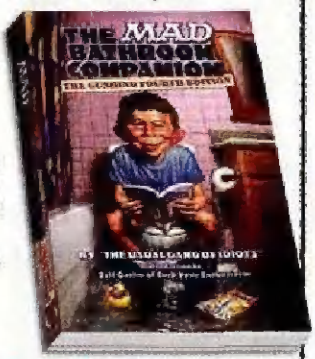
Here is what happened to my son when I showed him MAD. What do you have to say in your defense?

Tilman Breitenstein, Wallingford, Ct

Kill TII — Your photo drives home two important points of child rearing. It's never too early to start your baby on a lifetime of reading MAD — or painful back problems! —Ed.

DO THE WIPE THING!

Just when you thought it was safe to go back into the bathroom...we push out *The MAD Bathroom Companion: The Gushing Fourth Edition*! Better than even our Turd Edition, we guarantee you'll be bowled over! Available now wherever books, plungers and air fresheners are sold!



NEXT MONTH IN MAD #445 ON SALE AUGUST 17!

THE 50 WORST THINGS ABOUT COMEDY! PLUS OUR MONSTROUS *VAN HELSING* SPOOF AND OUR TRAGIC PARODY OF *TROY*!

NEXT MONTH IN MAD COLOR CLASSICS #10 ON SALE AUGUST 17!

OUR SPOOF OF *FRASIER*, AND OUR *ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY* PARODY!

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Contributing Artists And Writers
the usual gang of idiots

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THE FUNDALINI

INITIAL STEPS BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT TO IMPROVE CONDITIONS AT IRAQ'S ABU GHRAIB PRISON

- Officially changing the name to Abu Ghraib Day Spa.
- Replacing rusty shackles in the interrogation room with fur-lined "love cuffs" from Frederick's of Hollywood.
- Having President Bush show his support for the inmates by visiting the prison and posing for pictures serving them a raw, blowtorched turkey.
- Giving free cell upgrades to all prisoners who were Jacks or higher in the Iraqi Most Wanted deck of cards.
- Allowing CBS to take applications for next season's *Survivor: Abu Ghraib*.
- Out: shapeless canvas hoods. In: sexy, designer headwear for work or play by Tommy Hilfiger.
- Phasing out sensory deprivation and severe beatings; now letting prisoners be "softened up" for interrogation with harsh comments from Simon Cowell.

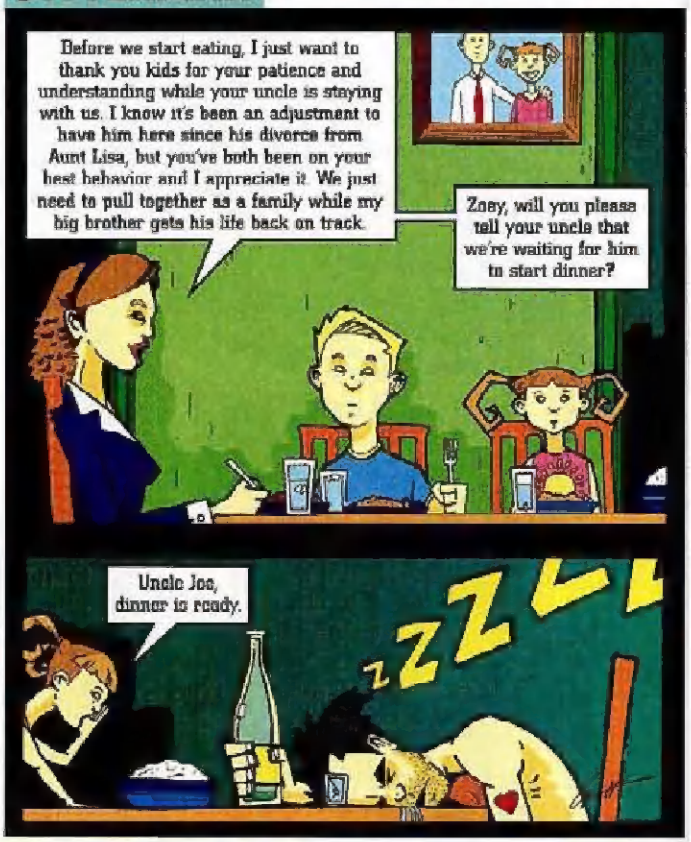
IF PETER PARKER HAD BEEN BITTEN BY OTHER RADIOACTIVE CREATURES

BITE FROM A...	RESULTS IN:
...RADIOACTIVE MONKEY	A feces-flinging, leg-humping bundle of crime fighting. Easily distracted by bananas and mirrors, though.
...RADIOACTIVE COCKROACH	Ability to run very fast, but only immediately after a light is turned on.
...RADIOACTIVE SNAIL	Superhero easily defeated by salt.
...RADIOACTIVE FLEA	Ability to leap great distances and make criminals scratch themselves silly.
...RADIOACTIVE SNAKE	Ability to shed entire skin (great at parties!) and win bar bets by swallowing gigantic quantities of food whole.

PERSONAL AD OF THE MONTH

ARNIE: Observational stand-up comic, still looking for a paying gig. I do support myself as a tour bus guide, which gets me to wondering: do you think celebrities have their own bus tours where they point out the homes of obscure people? "Okay, over to your left is the home of Bob the garbage man..." Anyway, let's get together for a date. Do you ever wonder why they call it a "date" as opposed to some other fruit? "Hi, babe, you available this Friday for a papaya?" Just doesn't have that ring to it, I guess. So, getting back on topic, I'm looking for a nice woman, between 25-30, for romance. Though I'm not against same-sex unions, still, I gotta wonder what goes on at a gay wedding. "Hello, sir, are you on the groom's side...or the groom's side?" Write to me at BOX 77, I'll be here all month.

BITTERMAN



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The Little Scottie Dog	The Top Hat	The Wheelbarrow
"AA"	"AAA"	"9 Volt"

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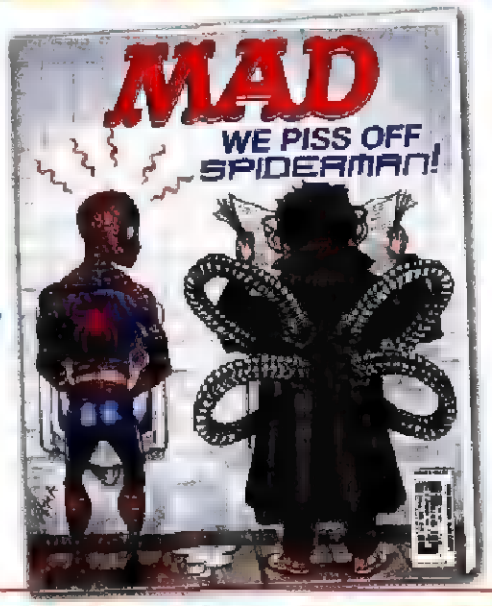

CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

This month: PARIS HILTON

OUR TEAM OF CRACK ODDSMAKERS GIVES YOU THE LATEST VEGAS LINE ON HOW ONE OF TODAY'S BIGGEST STARS WILL MEET HER DEMISE!

CAUSE OF DEATH	ODDS
Stabbed by web-surfing travelers sick of getting Google hits on her whenever they're looking for hotel rooms in France	3:1
Catastrophic fracture of 187 of her frail, anorexia-weakened bones after being forced to lift a finger for herself	7:1
Trips over self rushing to nearest paparazzi	10:1
Falls off her six-inch heels while milking a cow	12:1
Terminal facial nerve damage from winking at ex-boyfriend while claiming she's outraged by his hawking their sex tape	15:1

GRAPHIC NOVEL REVIEW

In recent years, DC Comics has delighted aficionados and squeezed the last nanodrop of profit from their backlog of sequential art everywhere by showcasing the medium's Golden Age. All the familiar stars such as Batman and The Flash are receiving the handsome hardcover treatment. In addition, there are volumes dedicated to lesser-known heroes such as Slam Bradley, Zatara the Magician, The Elbow, and The Junior Lynching Squad. These unloved and forgotten characters appear in smaller print runs, which are being aggressively marketed to the insane, unmarried geekazoid who fears skipping a single volume of anything, ever.

Which brings us to Incredi-Man. Once a shameless rip-off of Superman published by Garish Comics, Incredi-Man was driven out of existence in 1951 by a massive lawsuit, and his intellectual rights were snapped up in bankruptcy court for 3¢ on the dollar. He's now a cherished member of the DC Comics family.

The original comics are "unpolished." "Primal." "Delivered with broad strokes." Okay, let's not mince words: the art looks like it was drawn by autistic orangutans holding the pens in their mouths. Unfortunately, the writing wasn't quite as sophisticated as that. Before he became the galaxy-exploring Dude of Tomorrow, Incredi-Man had more of a common man's touch. In an exciting two-part story from 1941, Incredi-Man must race up three flights of stairs ■ turn off a radio.

Then the war came. As America's greatest illegal immigrant, Incredi-Man led the fight for freedom. One never-before-reprinted tale has him using his heat vision to slowly torture a Japanese soldier to death, then winking at the reader and quipping, "Well, there's one son who won't be rising!" This might not be "P.C." today, but at the time, readers ate these comics up. Often literally; rationing was a severe problem.

By the early 1940s, Incredi-Man boasted a full array of incredible powers: incredi-hearing, incredi-invulnerability, incredi-viola-playing. And with the war on every front page, his editors needed to explain why Incredi-Man wouldn't simply defeat all the Axis armies in a single day. The solution they devised was ingenious. In *Incredi-Man* #22's "The Man of Teal," Incredi-Man's alter-ego, Ken Clark, goes down to the Army induction center and fakes being gay. Declared 4-F, it was therefore plausible for Incredi-Man to spend the rest of World War II preventing runaway trolley accidents while Europe burned.

More than 120 different DC Archives editions have been published. The complete set is highly recommended for all comics fans with a spare 6,000 bucks lying around.

224 pgs. $49.95

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THE FUNDALINI PAGES

NEW TECHNOLOGY CULLED FROM DOWNED ALIEN SPACECRAFT

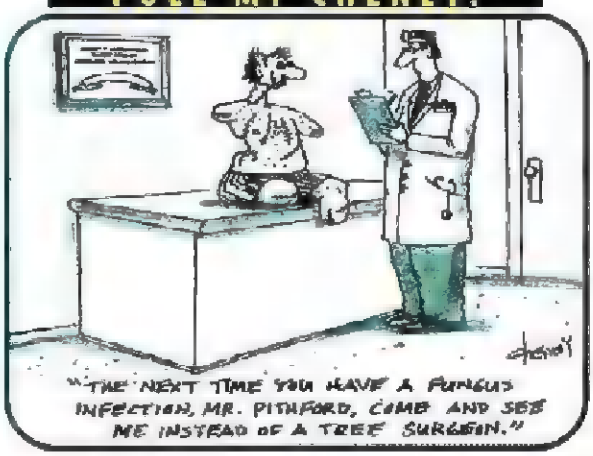
THE PUZZLE NOOK

Which of the 4 choices best completes this phrase?

__?__ GER NEVER SOLVED ANYTHING

1. AN
2. JERRY SPRIN
3. ARNOLD SCHWARZENEG
4. EATING A BOO

PULL MY CHENEY!

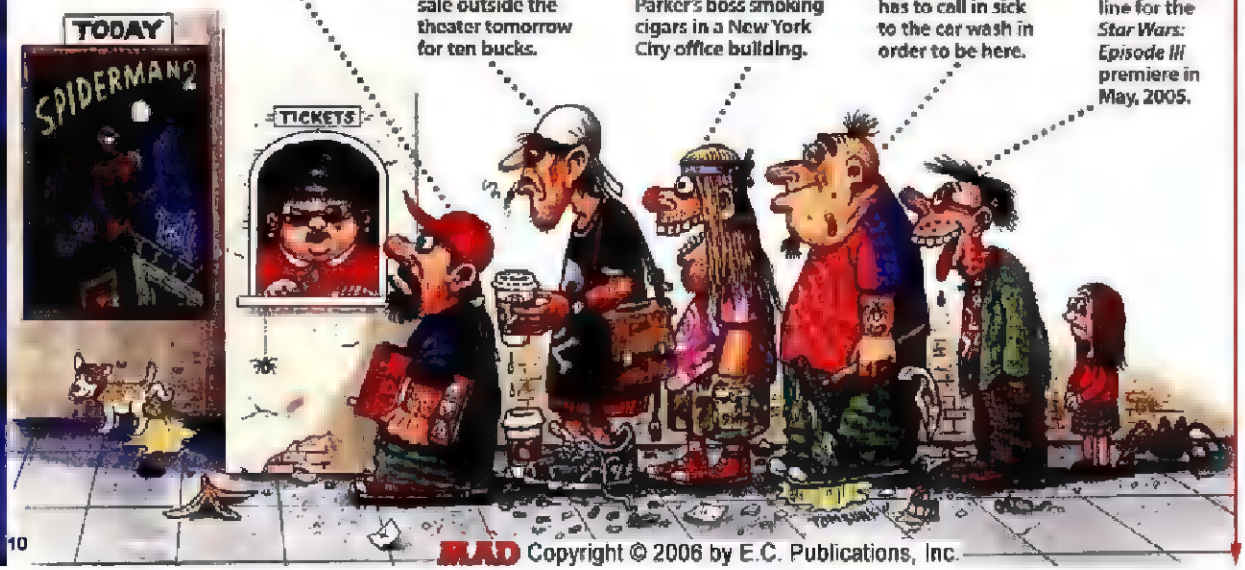


AFTER DEVOTING AN ENTIRE BROADCAST TO READING THE NAMES OF U.S. IRAQI WAR CASUALTIES...

WHAT OTHER GIMMICKS IS TED KOPPEL PLANNING FOR *NIGHTLINE*?

THE FIRST FIVE GUYS IN LINE TO SEE *SPIDER-MAN 2*

1. Hardcore, middle-aged comic book collector who will miss every plot nuance because he's focused on spotting obscure cameos by Marvel inking and lettering guys.
2. Over-caffeinated, chain-smoking video pirate, whose quivering, wet cough-riddled product will be on sale outside the theater tomorrow for ten bucks.
3. Die-hard fantasy fan who's only interested in the wildly outlandish, fabricated scenes — like those that feature Peter Parker's boss smoking cigars in a New York City office building.
4. Nostalgic "boomer" who grew up reading *Spider-Man* comics and not much else. Which explains why he has to call in sick to the car wash in order to be here.
5. Actually, he's not there for *Spider-Man 2*, but to get an early jump on the line for the *Star Wars: Episode III* premiere in May, 2005.



FRIENDS OF FUNDALINI

Ray Alma
Scott Bricher
Tom Bunk
John Caldwell
Tom Cheney
Desmond Devlin
Duck Edwing
Garth Gerhart
Gary Hallgren
Jeff Kruse
Scott Maiko
Patrick Merrell
Steve Rosso
Mike Snider
Jack Syracuse
P.C. Vey

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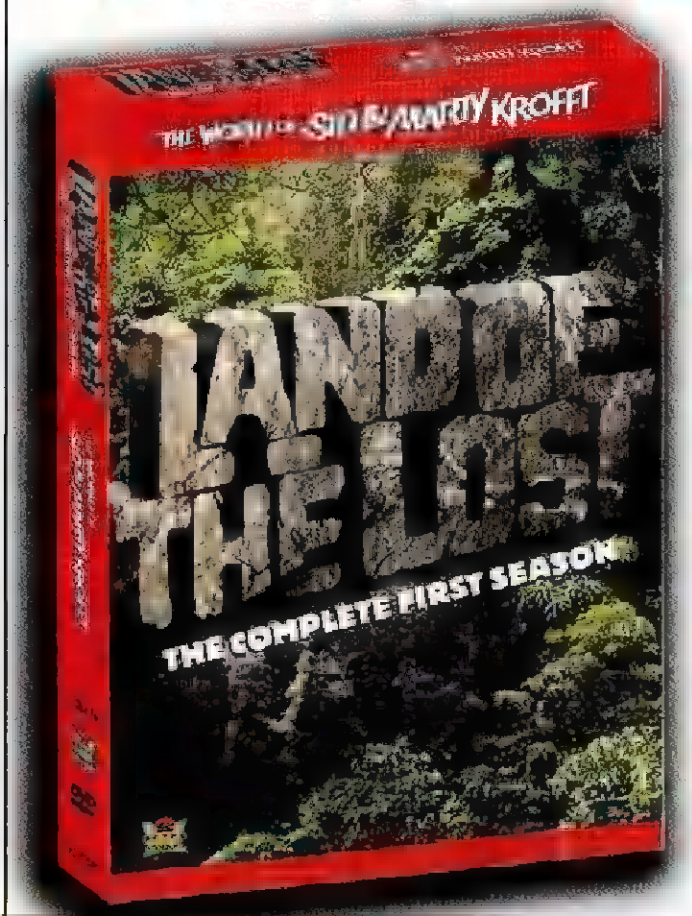
GET LOST! ON DVD



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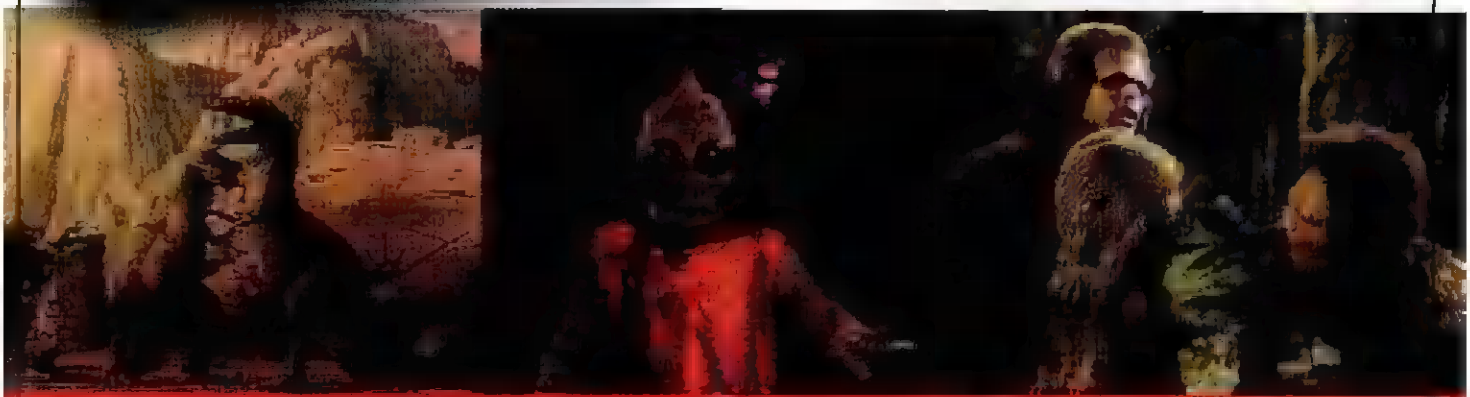

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CASINO EVIL DEPT.

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: CHARLIE KADAU

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LAS VAGUEST

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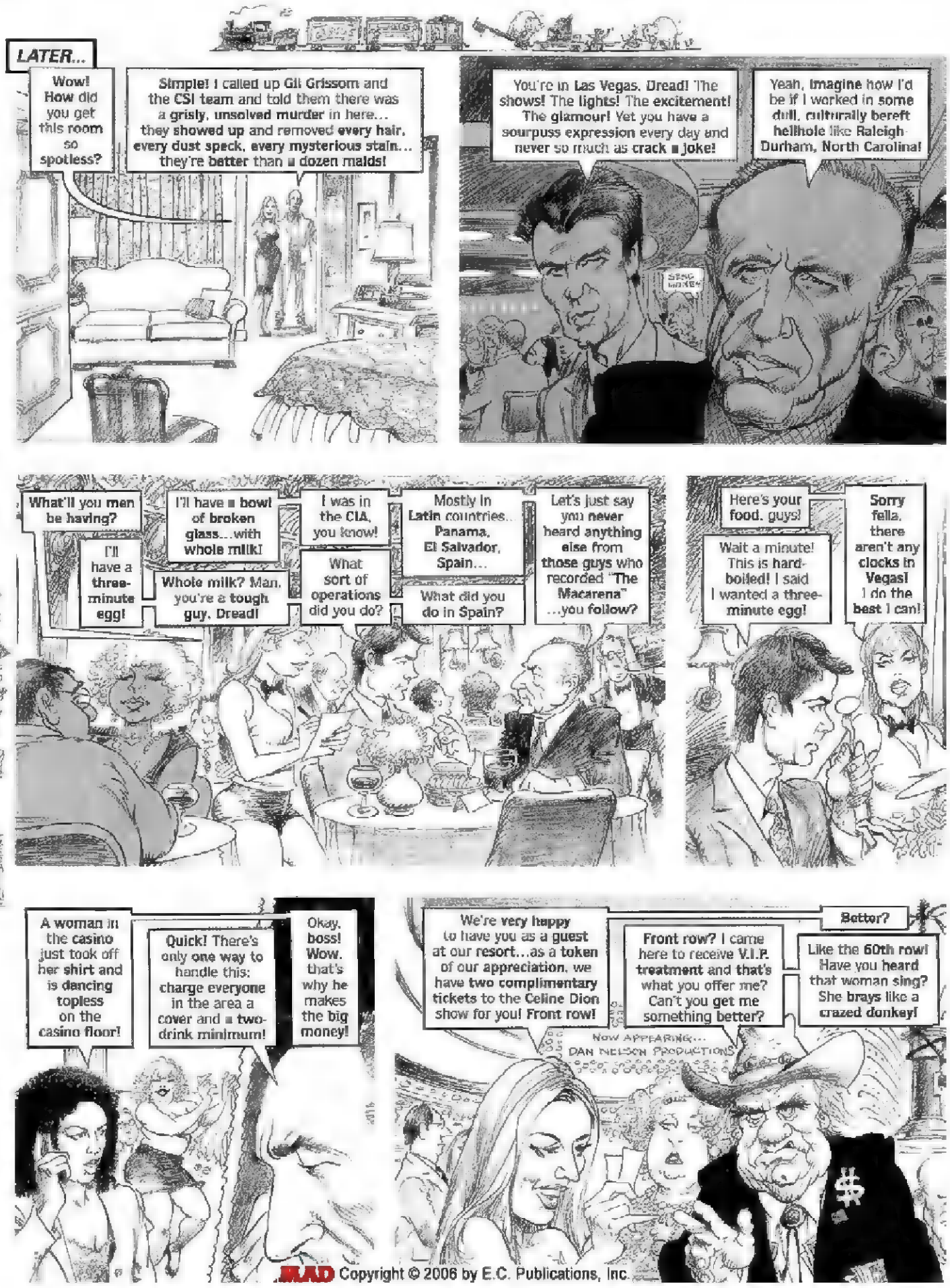

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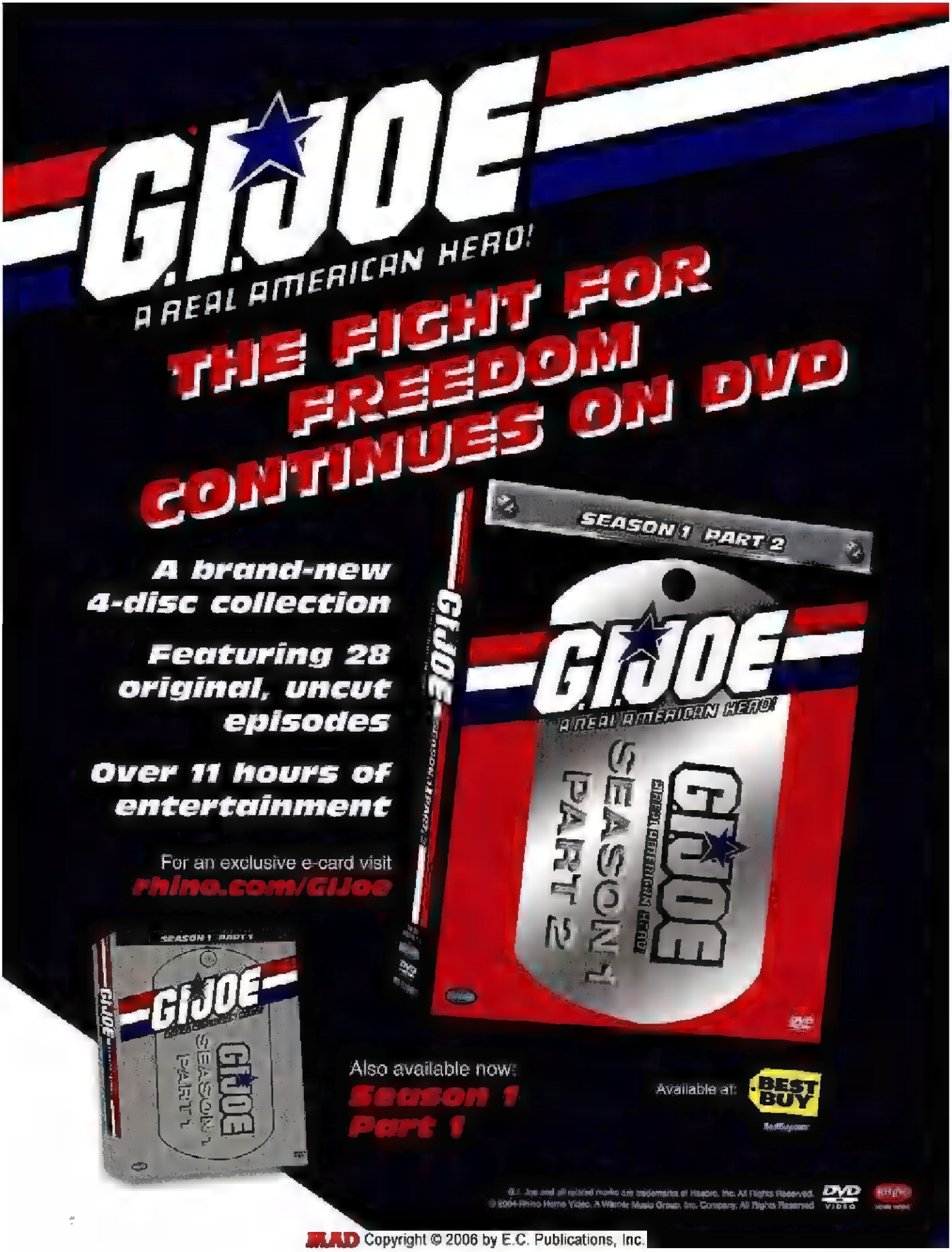

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MAD's HEROICALLY-SPIDER-MAN 2

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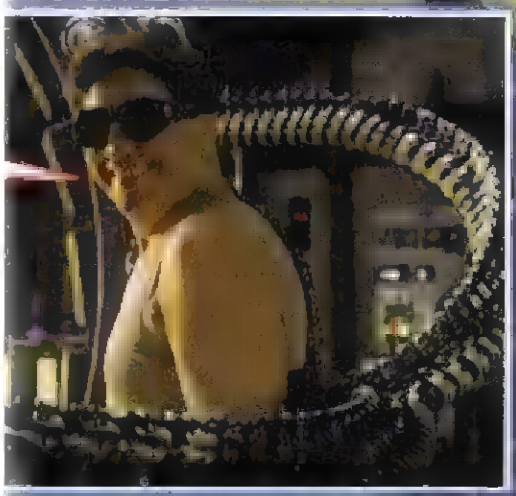
AWFUL OUTTAKES

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO



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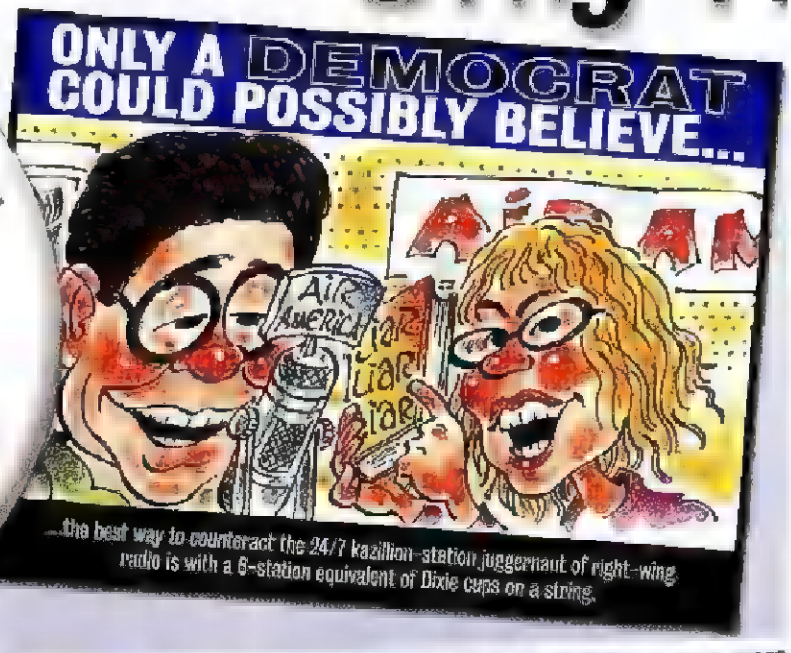
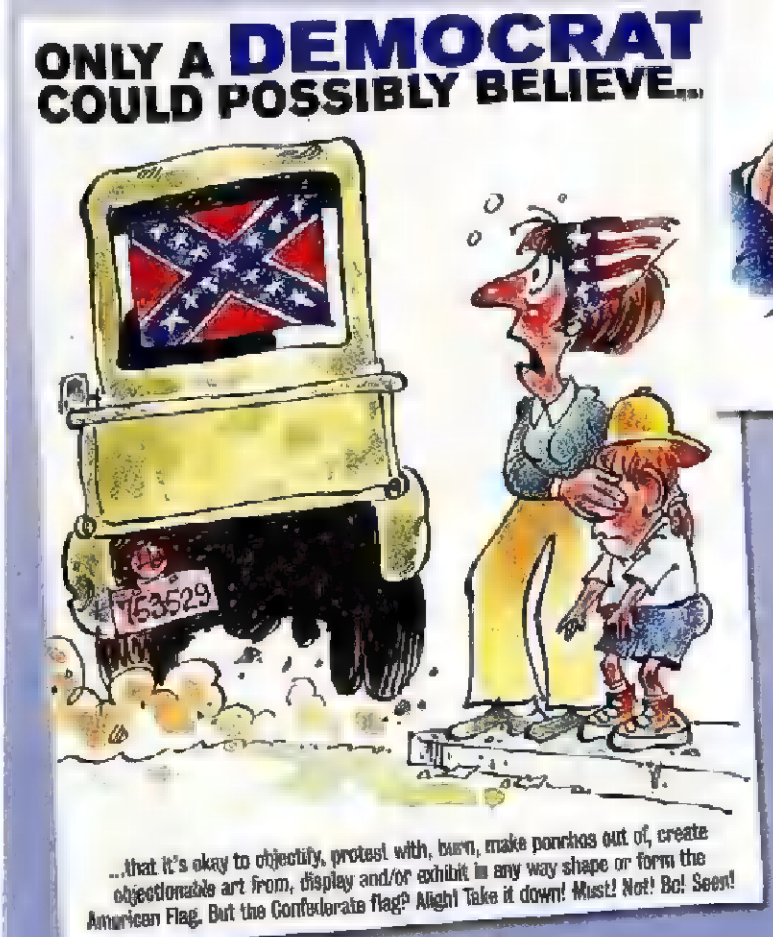
The symbol of the Democratic party is a donkey...a skittish, stubborn, seldom-lauded beast with an annoying bray...how apropos! To even better understand the twisted minds of left-wing Democratic dingbats, read...

Only A

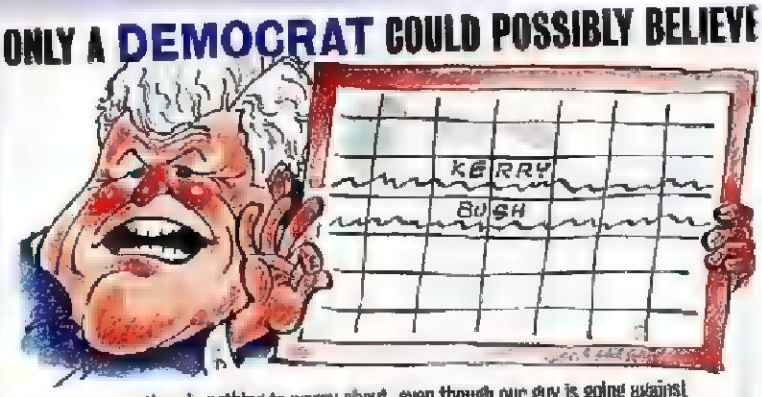
...the antidote to a special-interest-pandering, rich, silver-spoonified Skull-and-Bones white dude is...a *slightly taller* special-interest-pandering, rich, silver-spoonified Skull-and-Bones white dude!



...the best way to counteract the 24/7 kazillion-station juggernaut of right-wing radio is with a 6-station equivalent of Dixie cups on a string.



...that it's okay to objectify, protest with, burn, make ponchos out of, create objectionable art from, display and/or exhibit in any way shape or form the American Flag. But the Confederate flag? Alight! Take it down! Must! Not! Be! Seen!



...there's nothing to worry about, even though our guy is going against the most hated, most divisive, worst president of the last half-century... and the best poll results have them...about even!

...that anyone cares about the endorsement of a guy who not only couldn't win an election in which he got the most votes, but can't even grow a decent beard.

ARTIST: PAUL COKER WRITER: RUES COOPER

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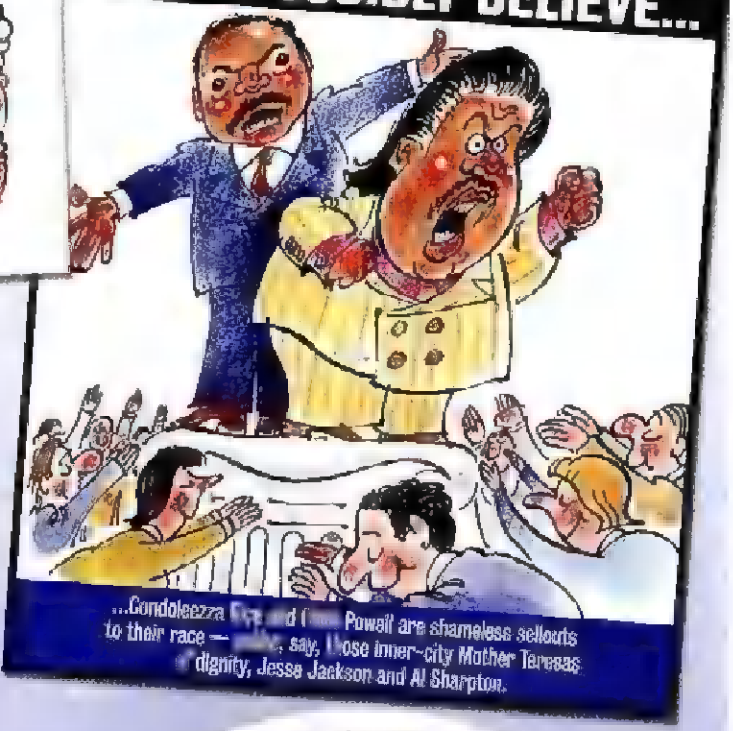
DEMOCRAT Could Possibly Believe...

LY A DEMOCRAT COULD POSSIBLY BELIEVE...

...it's okay to boast that the votes of people too dumb to successfully punch a hole in a card were for *our* candidate!

ONLY A DEMOCRAT COULD POSSIBLY BELIEVE...

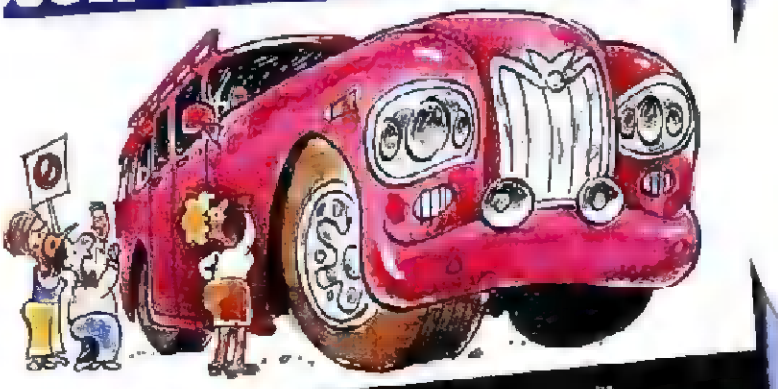


...Condoleezza [illegible] and [illegible] Powell are shameless sellouts to their race — [illegible], say, those inner-city Mother Teresas of dignity, Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton.

Only A DEM[illegible]ould Possibly Believe...

...that *our* ignorant, fact-skewing, annoying, big fat partisan gasbag is way better than *their* ignorant, fact-skewing, annoying, big fat partisan gasbag.

NLY A DEMOCRAT OULD POSSIBLY BELIEVE...



...WMDs — no big deal. SUVs — the end of life as we know it!

Only A DEMOCRAT Could Possibly Believe...

... it's not at all contradictory that the only wars Kerry is against are the one he served in and the one he voted for.

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ANGSTER'S PARADISE DEPT.

If you thought they hated us before, wait until this export. Don't forget your passport, it's...

MONROE and...

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ARTIST: BILL WRAY

EUROPE PART ONE

WRITER: ANTHONY BARBIERI

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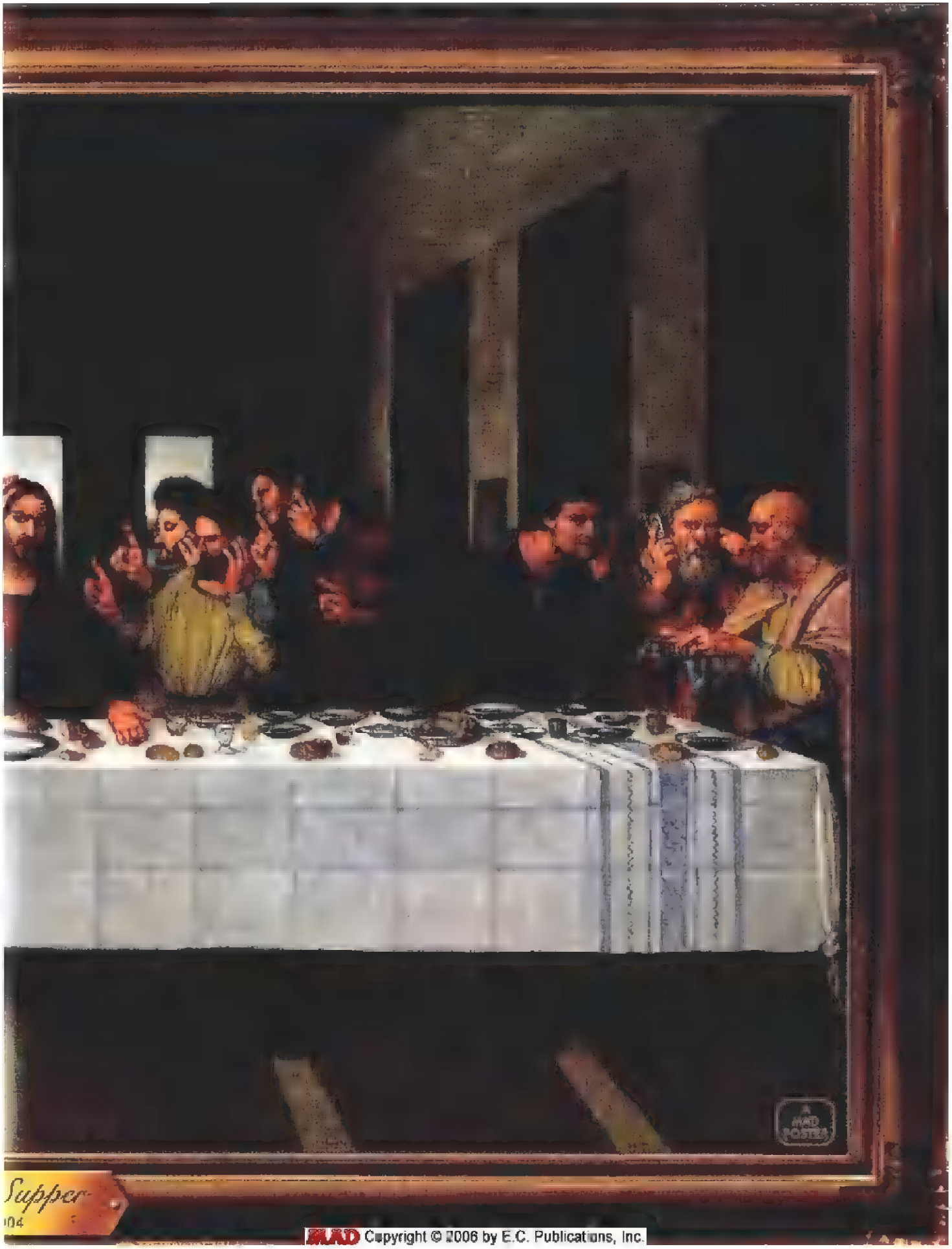

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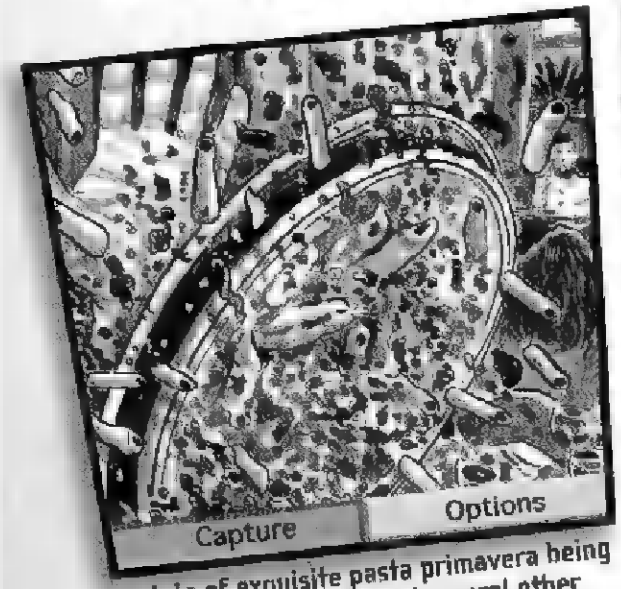
A PICTURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND NERDS DEPT.

Probably the hottest new consumer electronics gadget these days is the "cheap cell phone-that-takes-pictures," a device that unites TWO of the most irritating types of human behavior: yakking away on the phone in inappropriate places and snapping unwanted photos! And, given that combination, there's likely to be a certain, uh, predictability in the kind of cell phone photos taken by all the loathsome jerks who'll now be engaging in both at the same time! It'll all become clearer than the voice reception on any cell phone you've ever used when you peruse selected images from...

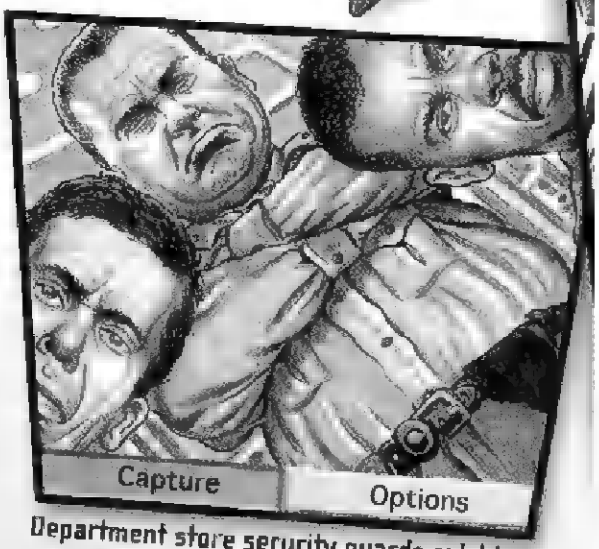
A CELL PHONE-CAMERA GEEK'S PHOTO ALBUM



A plate of exquisite pasta primavera being hurled at me by one of several other restaurant patrons after I annoyed them by talking loudly on my phone!

Free photo from skin mag I was too cheap to buy — and the 7-Eleven clerk who objected to my snapping it!

Some schizophrenic homeless person trying to make friends 'cause she thinks I'm talking to the "voices in my head," too!



Department store security guards catching me trying to slip my camera-phone under the ladies' fitting room door!

ARTIST: DREW FRIEDMAN WRITER: DAVE SNIDER
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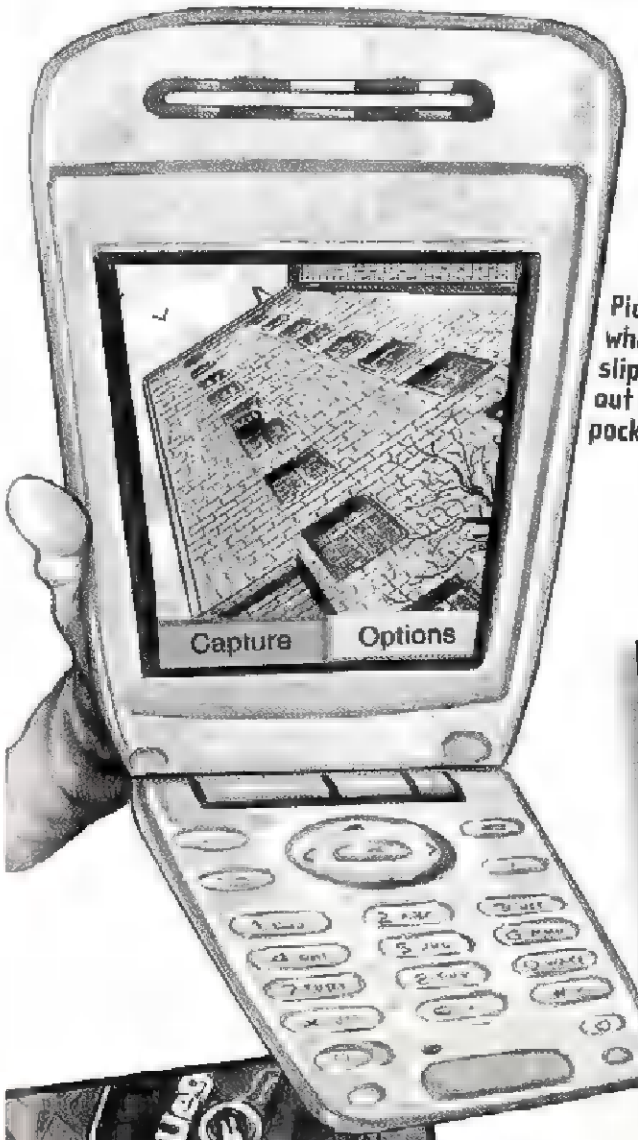
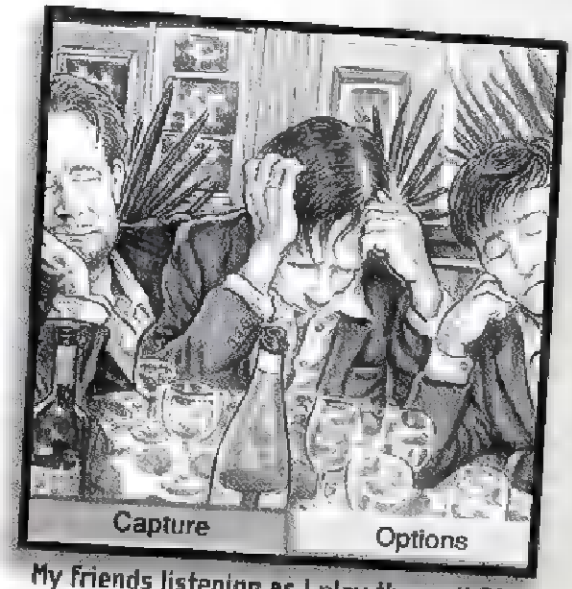
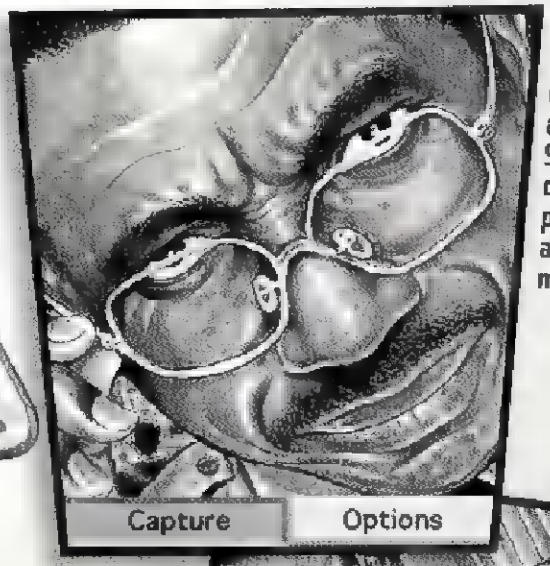


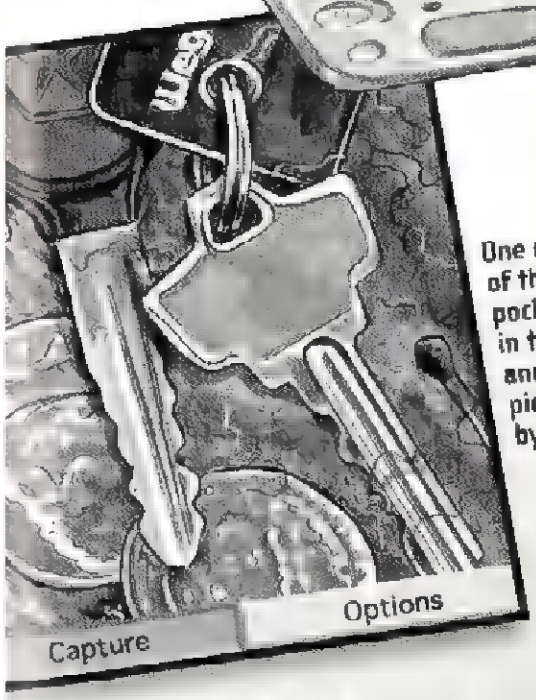
Picture taken when phone slipped out of my pocket — again!



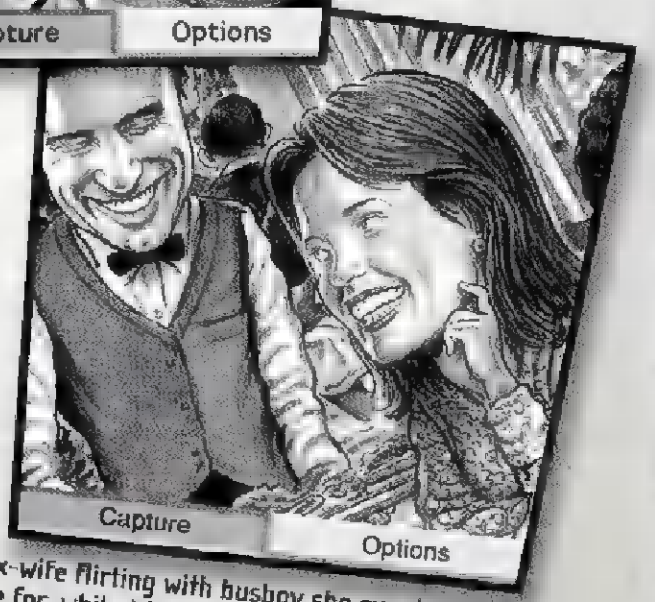
My friends listening as I play them all 58 different ringer tones on my phone!



Close-up of airport Homeland Security guard checking out phone before allowing it on my flight!



One of over 800 photos of the inside of my pocket (as I reached in to get my phone and hit the "take picture" button by mistake)!



Ex-wife flirting with busboy she eventually left me for, while I take a long, pointless call from a buddy of mine during our anniversary dinner!

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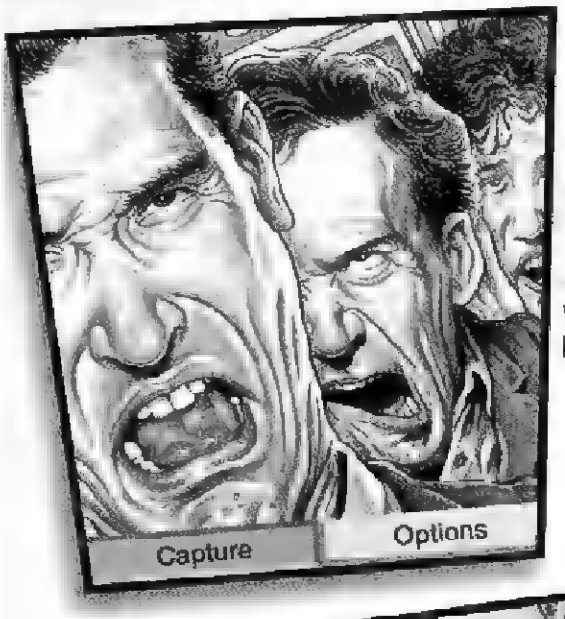
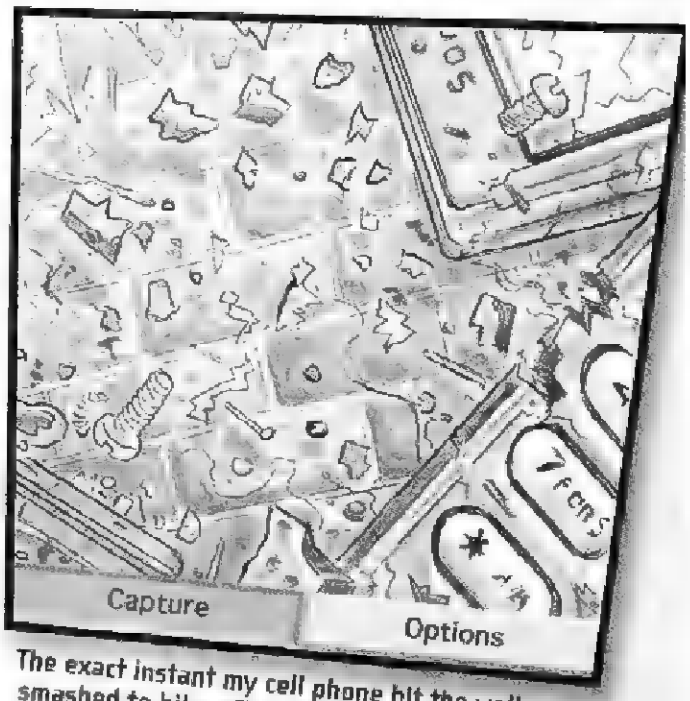
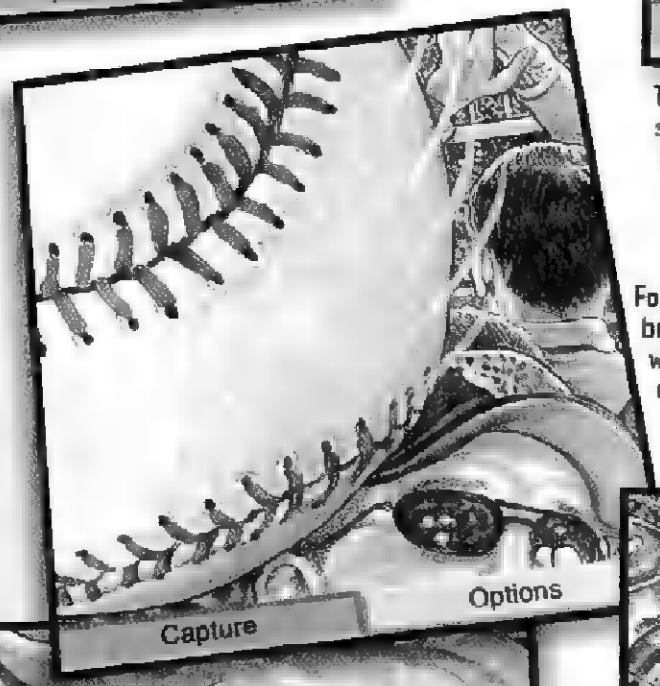


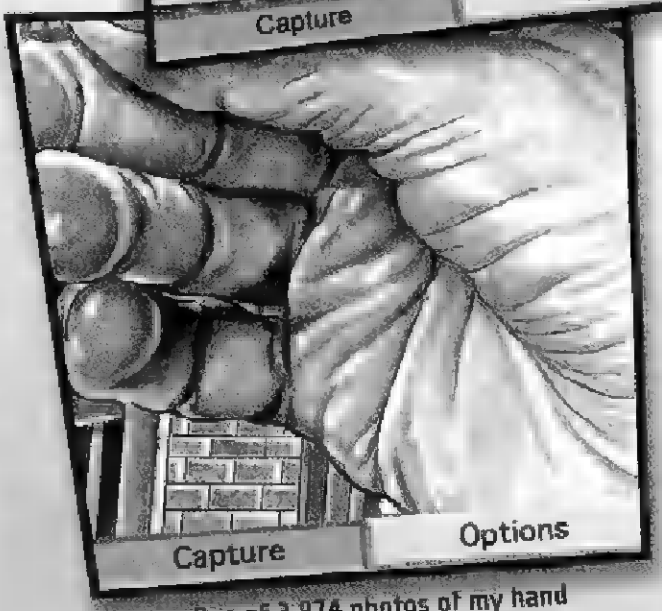
On an elevator, the complete strangers I'm forcing to listen in on my conversation with my proctologist!



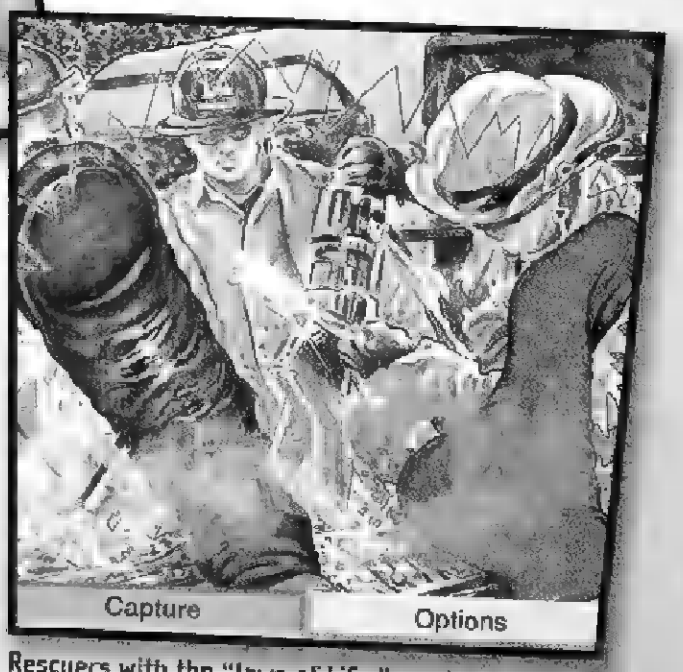
The exact instant my cell phone hit the wall and smashed to bits, after I hurled it for losing the battery charge in the middle of a call (again)!



Foul ball just microseconds before it knocked me out cold, while I was distracted taking a call at a baseball game!



One of 2,074 photos of my hand I accidentally snapped while talking!



Rescuers with the "Jaws of Life," coming to pry me out of my car after I wrapped it around a pole while driving and talking on my phone at the same time!

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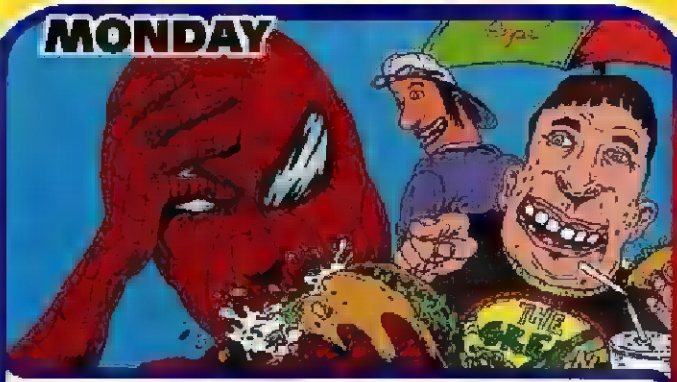
TAKING ONE DAY AT A CLIMB DEPT.

SPIDER-MAN HAS A BAD WEEK!

SUNDAY

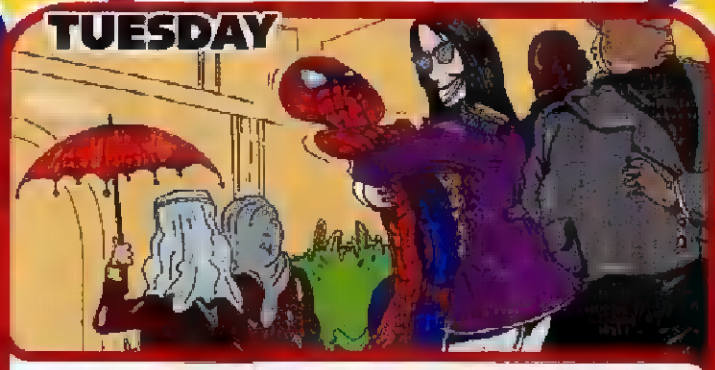
The week gets off to a bad start.
A day trip to Atlantic City is ruined when his "Spidey Sense" gets him tossed out of five different casinos.

MONDAY



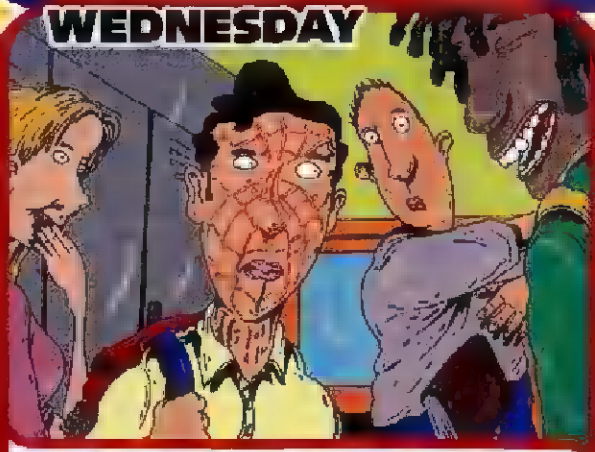
The webbed superhero is mortified when, for what seems like the zillionth time, he forgets to lift his mask before attempting to eat a taco.

TUESDAY



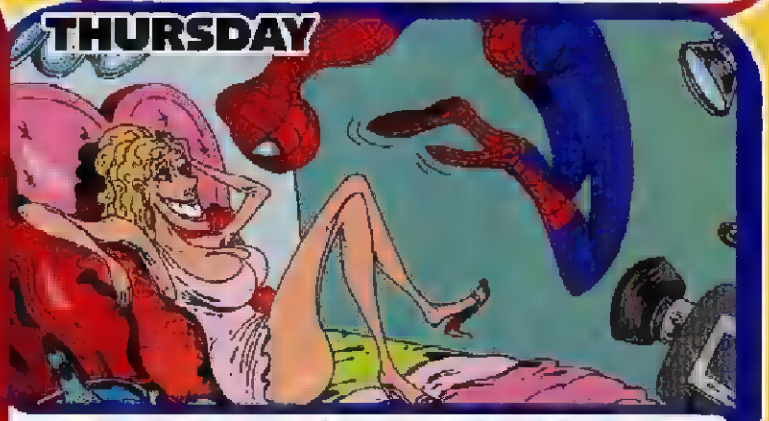
In a bizarre accident more disturbing than any caused by a supervillain, he's profusely hugged by Michael Jackson, who has mistaken him for one of his own mask-wearing children.

WEDNESDAY



Another mortifying moment, this time at school.
In his rush to get to class, the boy-turned-superhero doesn't realize his costume has left pockmarks on his face.

THURSDAY



With money tight, he has no choice but to use his acrobatic spider skills in an upcoming porno flick, *Kiss of the Spider-Man*.

FRIDAY

He narrowly escapes serious injury when the wallpaper on the wall he's crawling up starts to peel.

SATURDAY

He finds it necessary to pop several Zoloft to help ease the emotional pain after he accidentally steps on a real spider.

ARTIST: KEVIN POPE WRITER: ARTE MARIAN

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WIMPIN' AIN'T EASY DEPT.

In the world of hip-hop, "keeping it real" is crucial to boosting an artist's sales, even if it's obvious to everybody except the guy's white suburban fan base that he's about as "real" as Richard Simmons (unlike us stupid fresh homies here at Mizz-AD)! Continued career success has become a problem for stars who have to write songs about the roughness of their surroundings, even when the last time they saw their 'hood was from the window of their private Learjet! But how do you know for *certain* when someone's gone from Ice-T to Iced Tea with a spritz of lemon? Wonder no more!

YOU KNOW A RAPPER'S GONE SOFT WHEN...

He's switched allegiances from Eminem and Dr. Dre to Oprah and Dr. Phil.

His new anti-police song is mostly a series of vitriolic complaints about the inconvenience of alternate-side parking.

Will Smith calls him a "sellout."

His excuse for not showing up at a battle was that he was already penciled in for a guest spot on *The View*.

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA WRITER: JACOB LAMBERT

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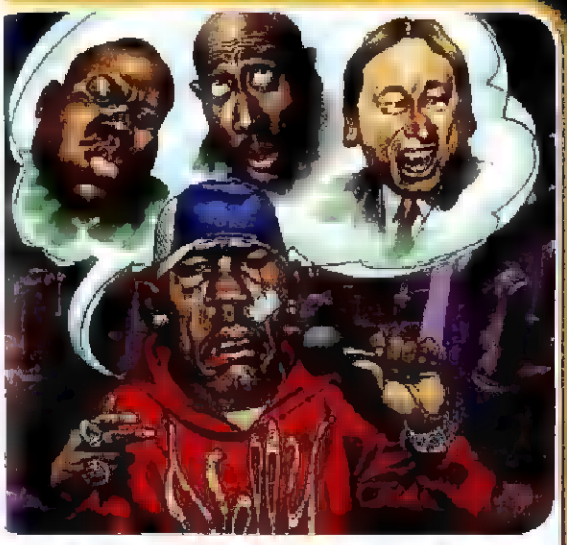

In one song, he passionately mourns the tragic losses of "Biggie, Tupac and Ritter."

He barely even flinched when Lisa Kudrow snatched the last sautéed truffle at Nathan Lane's annual Hamptons bash.

He's been hanging with Clay Aiken in hopes of boosting his "street cred."

One of the oily, gyrating pole-dancers in his latest video appears to be Tipper Gore.

His new urban clothing line features something called "Ghetto Culottes."

The sampled bits of violent dialogue from *Scarface* on his old albums have now given way to boring snippets from *Cold Mountain*.

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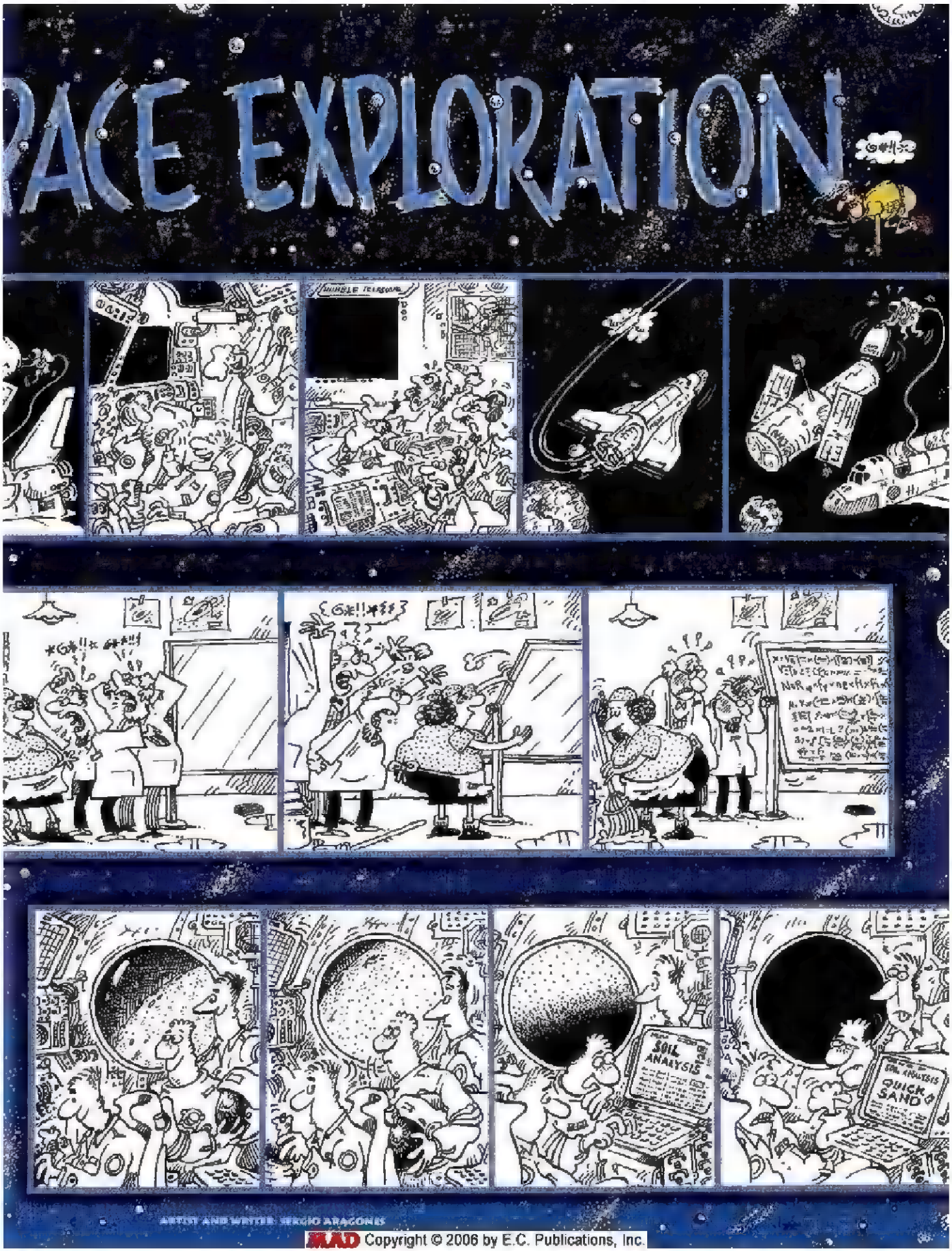

ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES
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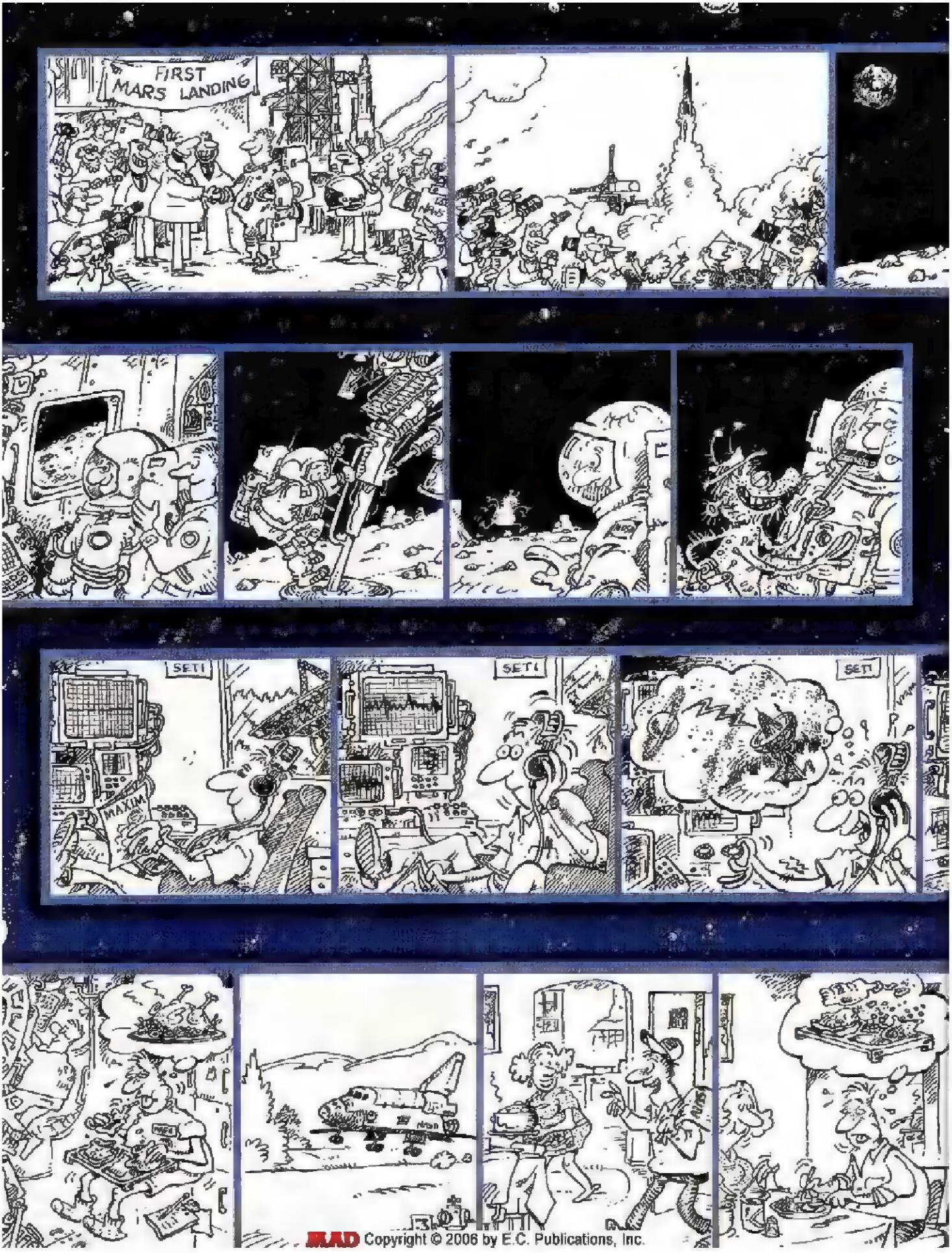

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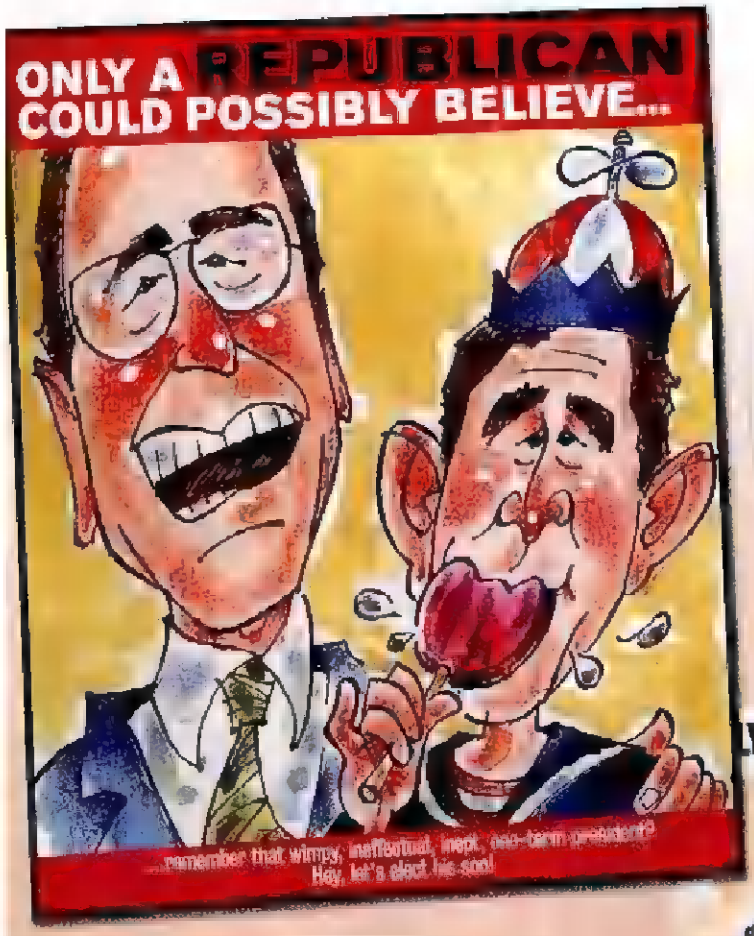
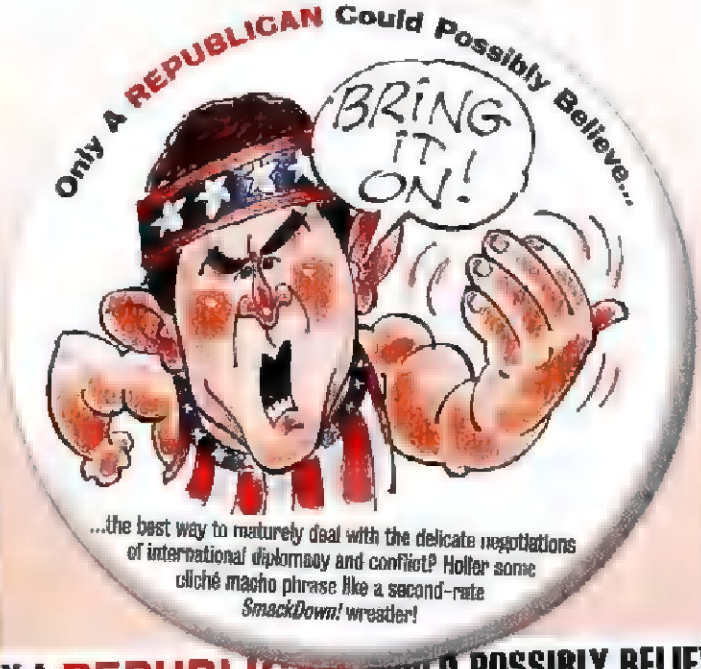
TENETS, ANYONE? DEPT. PART II

The symbol of the Republican party is an elephant...an obese, slow, lumbering behemoth that mindlessly crushes anything that gets in its path...how apropos! To even better understand the twisted minds of right-wing Republican morons, read...

Only A





ARTIST: PAUL COKER WRITER: RUSS COOPER

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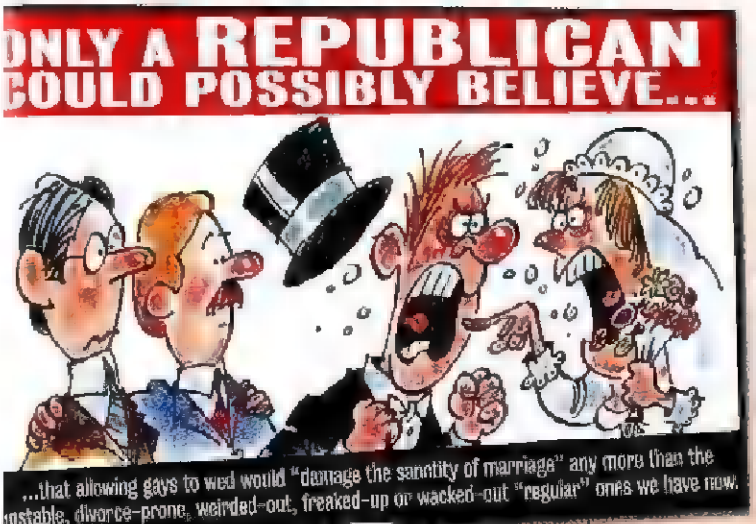
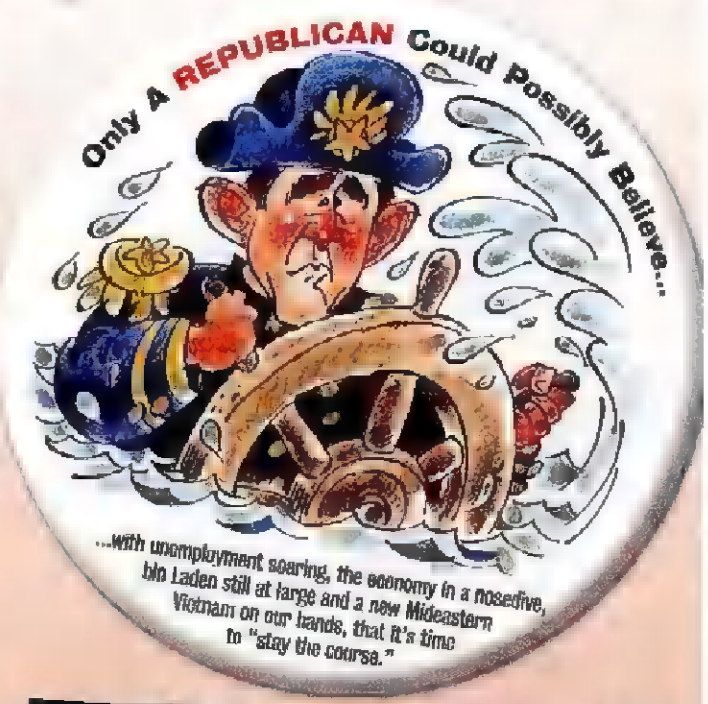
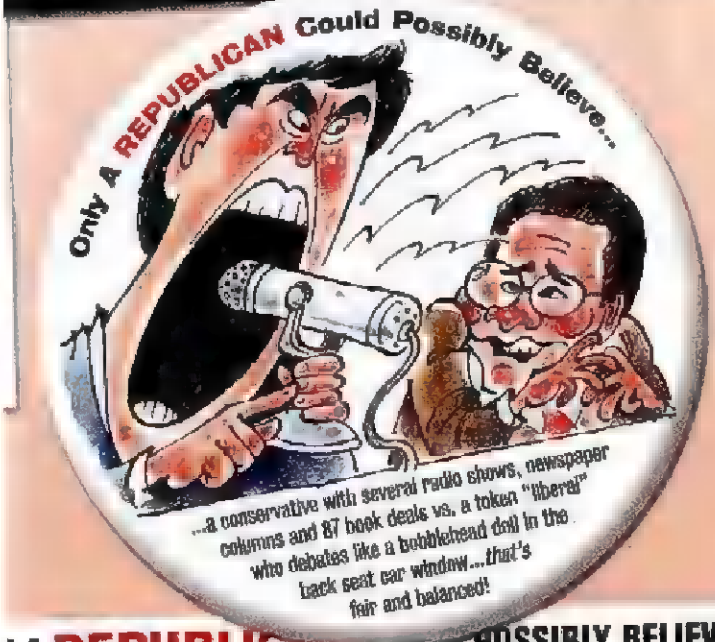
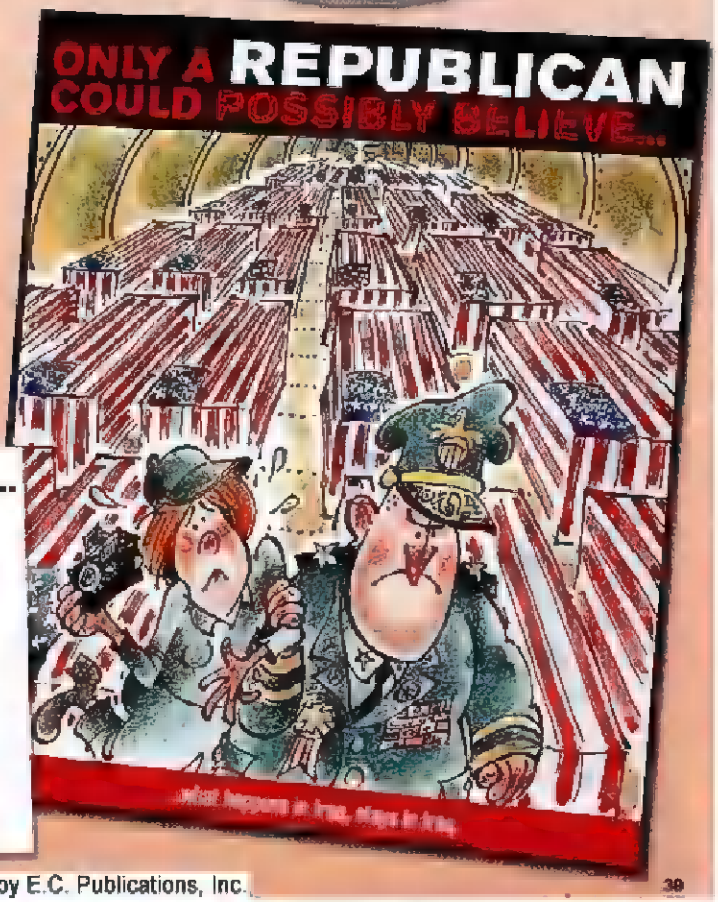
REPUBLICAN Could Possibly Believe...









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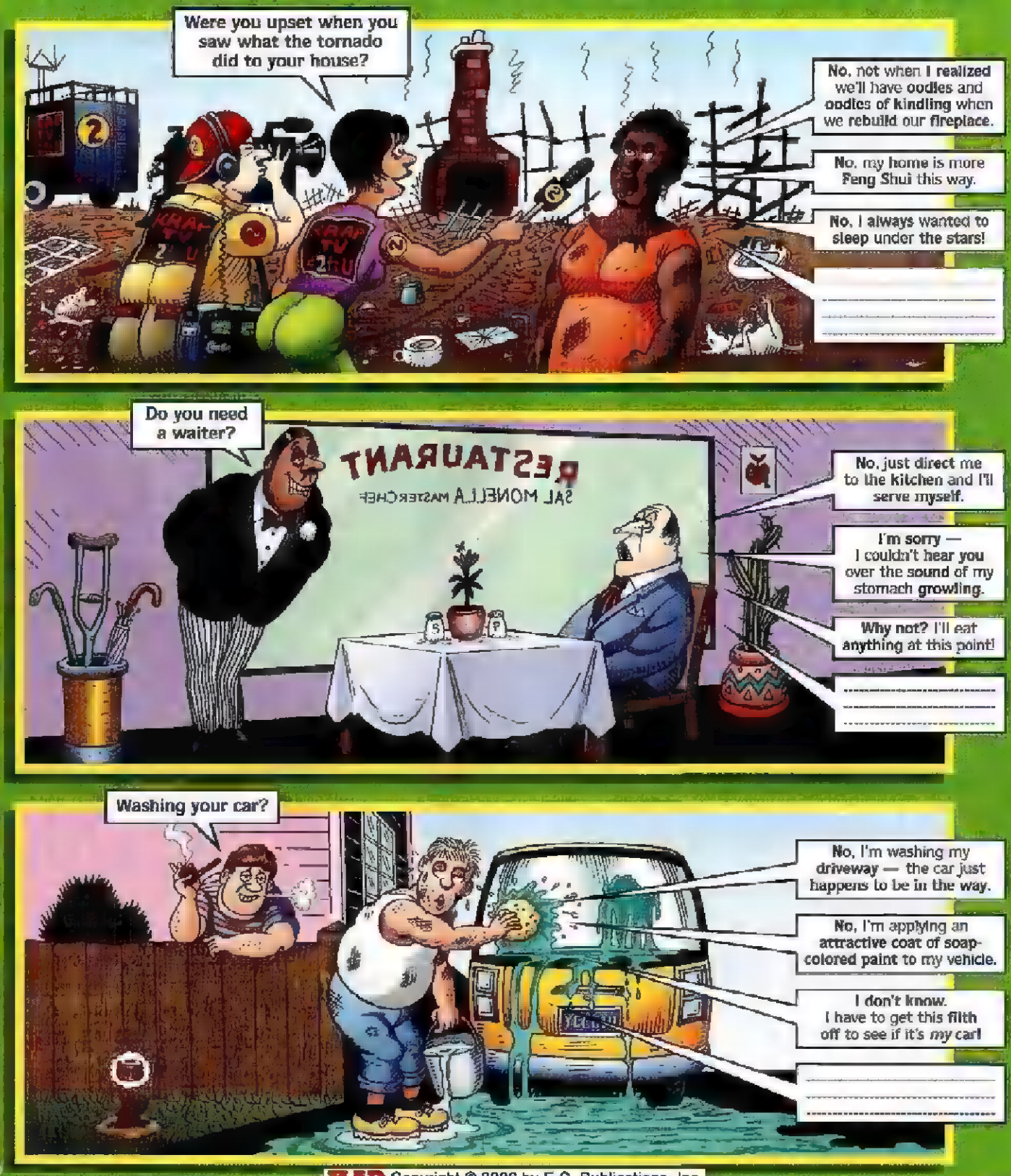
SNAPPY ANSWERS TO STUPID QUESTIONS



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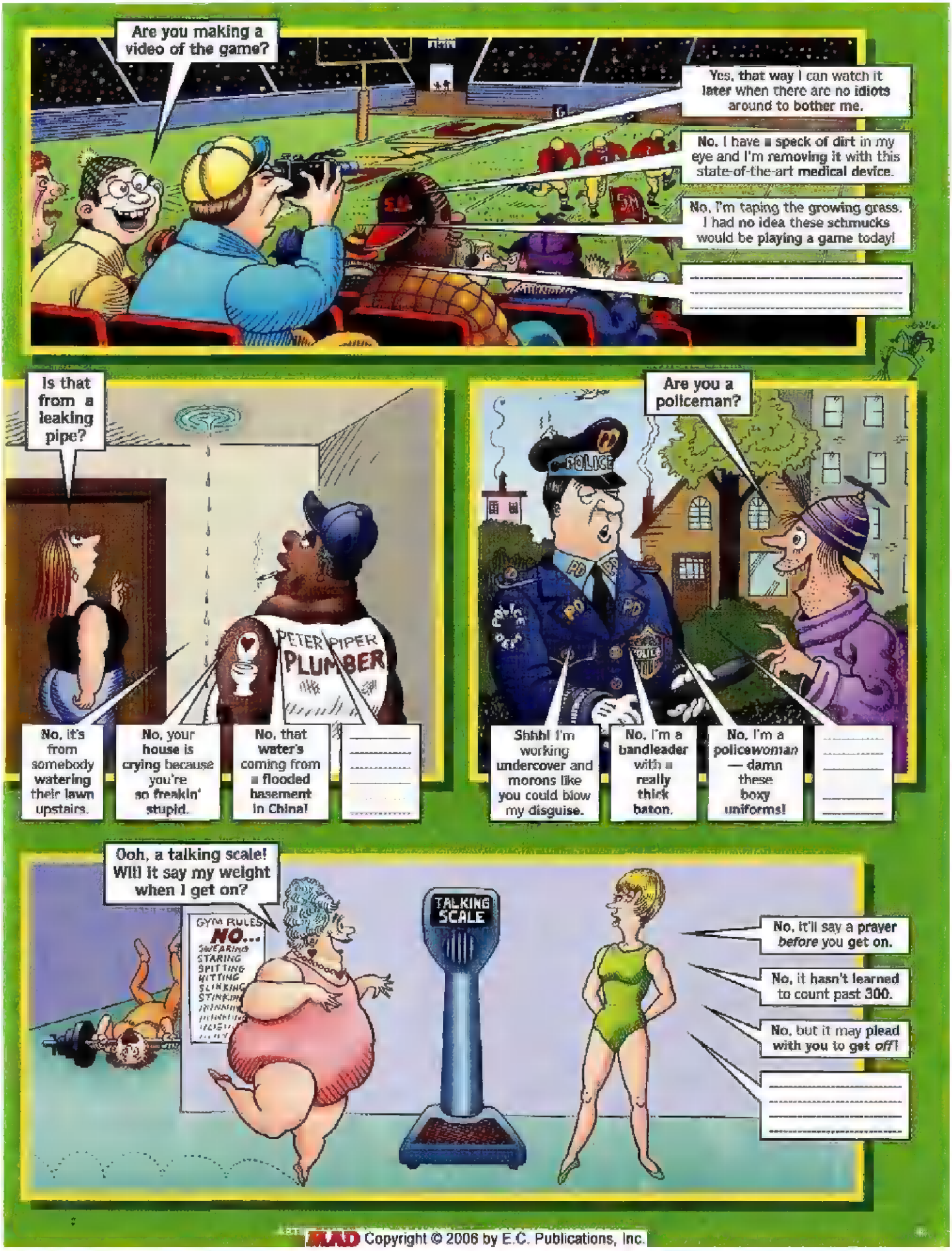

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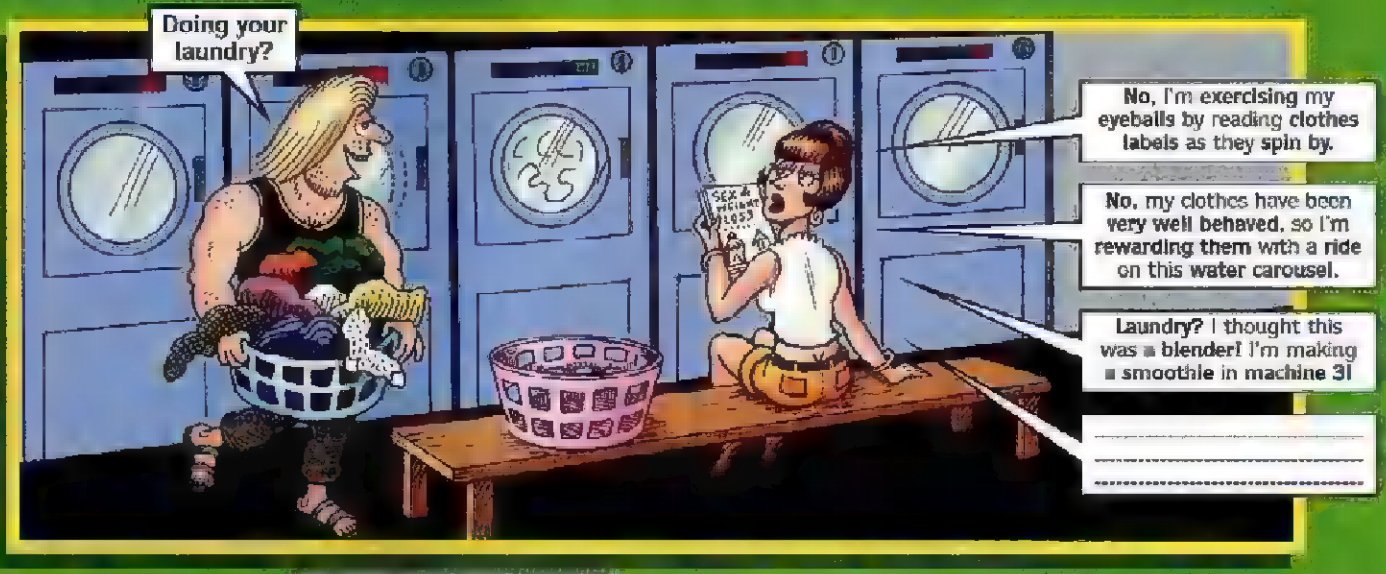
SNAPPY ANSWERS TO STUPID QUESTIONS

No, I just opened a checking account, and this gun and ski mask were my complimentary gifts.

No, I'm going to take out a loan and I want to use this object as collateral.

No, this gun is for self-defense, in case the teller tries to rob me!



No, I'm exercising my eyeballs by reading clothes labels as they spin by.

No, my clothes have been very well behaved, so I'm rewarding them with a ride on this water carousel.

Laundry? I thought this was a blender! I'm making a smoothie in machine 3!

No, I was just thinking about taking a camping trip, so this saves me a whole lot of packing.

No, I'm a puzzle fiend! This will be a blast to put back together.

Not when I saw all the great natural lighting we were getting in our formerly drab living room!

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Duke Bissell's TALES OF UNDISPUTED INTEREST

A FEW WEEKS AGO I WAS SO DISTRESSED AFTER HAVING MY APARTMENT BURGLED, I COULD DO NOTHING BUT WANDER THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

DIDN'T THIS USED TO BE YE OLD DONUT SHOPPE?

YE OLD WITCHCRAFT SHOPPE
SPELLS, INCANTATIONS
SUGAR-FREE CANDY

NOT WANTING TO BE AN UNFRIENDLY NEIGHBOR, I STEPPED IN TO SAY HI.

WE'RE HAVING A SALE THIS WEEK ON SUMMONING UP ALL THE DEMONS OF HELL FOR PERSONAL AND HOME PROTECTION.

THIS STUFF LOOKS JUST LIKE THE STUFF THAT WAS STOLEN FROM MY APARTMENT, ONLY IN POWDERED FORM.

BUT BEFORE I COULD VOICE MY CONCERN, THE PROPRIETOR BLEW SOMETHING INTO MY FACE AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW I WOKE UP IN VERY UNFAMILIAR SURROUNDINGS.

HAIL SATAN! HAIL SATAN!

ARE THOSE MASKS MADE OF THE UPHOLSTERY FROM MY COUCH?

ARE WE SURE HIS SOUL IS WORTH TAKING?

EVENTUALLY I PASSED OUT AGAIN AND WOKE UP IN EVEN MORE UNFAMILIAR SURROUNDINGS.

EXCUSE ME BUT DO YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN GET THE CROSSTOWN BUS?

IF YOU GIVE ME ENOUGH SPARE CHANGE FOR A MEAL, I WON'T SPIT UP STINKING GOBS OF DISEASED MUCOUS ALL OVER YOUR SUPPLE LIPS.

FORGET IT, FRANK, HE'LL BREAK YOUR HEART IN THE END.

WHEN I FINALLY GOT HOME MY APARTMENT INSURANCE HAD COME THROUGH.

$38.00? TOO BAD I WASN'T HOME DURING THE BURGLARY. MY AGENT TOLD ME I WOULD HAVE GOTTEN TWICE AS MUCH IF I WAS MAIMED OR MUTILATED BY THE BURGLAR.

$38.00 WOULDN'T GO FAR, BUT I ALWAYS DID HAVE THE NOSE FOR A BARGAIN.

DIDN'T THIS USED TO BE YE OLD WITCHCRAFT SHOPPE?

YE OLD FURNITURE SHOPPE
LAMPS, PLASTIC COVERED SIDE TABLES
SUGAR-FREE CANDY

P.C.VEY

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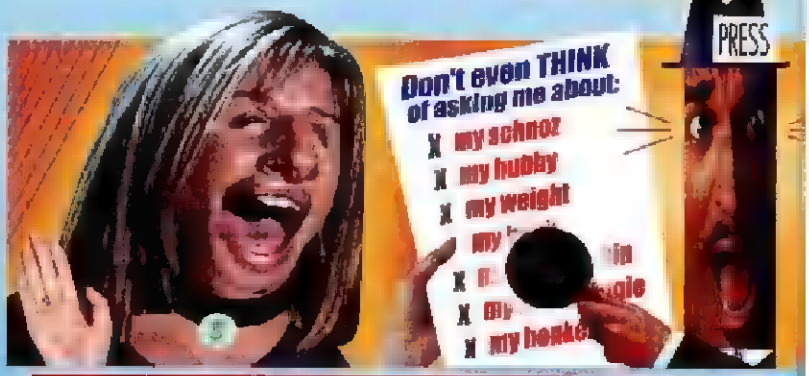
HOW TO THINK LIKE A

Everyone thinks it's a snap to be a superstar. All you have to do is keep track of your millions of dollars, date other absurdly attractive celebrities (unless you happen to be Kate Hudson) and steer clear of that Ashton Kutcher. But there's much more to being a superstar than just that. If you want to make it in show biz, you also have to have the right mindset (relatively speaking). You have to know...

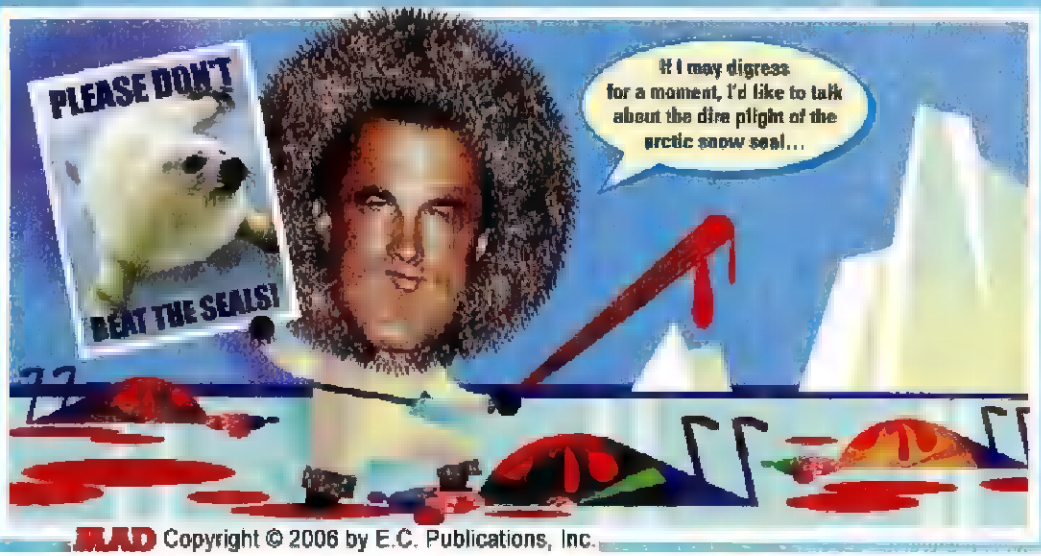
Pompously inform young actors that it takes years of study and training to become an experienced and seasoned thespian...but confidently feel that just six weeks of researching a role for some shoddy cable docu-drama makes you an expert on the criminal justice system.



Sincerely praise the movies, songs or TV shows that influenced and inspired you...but feel free to remake them so badly that future generations will never want to see them again.

Grow incensed over the type of censorship the government practices when it refuses NEA grants to artists...but not give a flying stool about censorship when handing journalists a 50-page list of topics that are "off limits" during an interview.

Firmly state that appearing in dozens of movies that glorify violence absolutely, positively has no impact on even the most impressionable kids...but passionately believe that making a single, bloated, self-important ten-minute speech about saving the environment somehow will.



ARTIST: BOB STAAKE
WRITER: BARRY LIEBMANN

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SUPERSTAR

After researching the role, it's perfectly clear to me that the only solution to the 50-year-old problem of urban crime is tougher policing and zero tolerance for...

Never hesitate to punch out middle-aged photographers... but still present yourself as the next Gandhi by hopping on any Hollywood anti-war bandwagon.

Refuse to do commercials on the grounds that it is beneath you and cheapens your image as an "artiste"... but happily appear in movies that are crammed with endless product placements and more plugs than William Shatner's giant, sweaty head.

Always act coy and embarrassed when talk show hosts reveal film clips from one of your early projects... but proudly hype your new cinematic debacle, despite the fact that it is every bit as ass-trocious.

Spend years deliberately crafting a "bad boy" image and defining yourself as a rebel...but then act shocked and outraged when the same establishment you've deliberately alienated doesn't bestow some stupid award on you.

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ARTIST AND WRITER: PETER KUPER

KUPER

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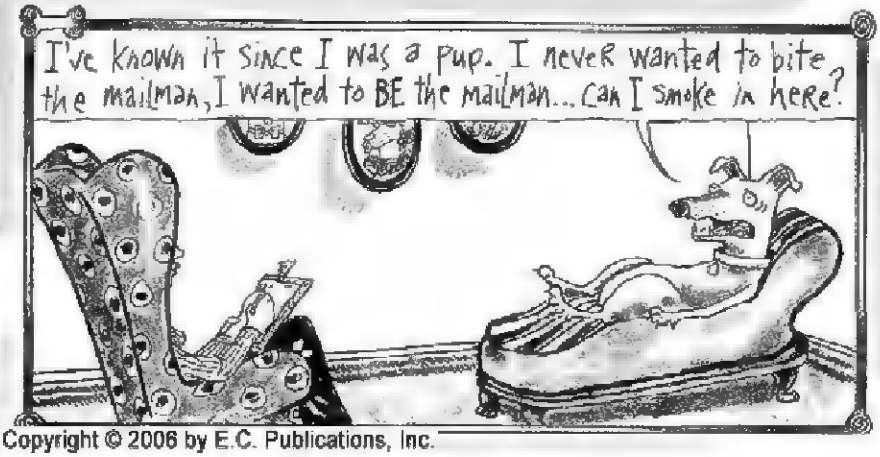
IS YOUR LIFE A BITCH?
HAS THE CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?
YOU'RE NOT ALONE...

From the Case Files of Wanda Goldstein Flenkman: Pet Psychologist

ARTIST & WRITER: TERESA BURNS PARKHURST



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INSECTS AND THE SINGLE GIRL DEPT.

When a girl dates a superhero, she has to be prepared for a certain amount of out-of-the-ordinary activity that wouldn't happen with a regular guy. But there's also a limit to a girl's patience. In fact, we're not completely sure that a girl *can* find true happiness with a superhero — especially a neurotic guy like Spider-Man, who dresses like it's Halloween 365 days out of the year! So if you or someone you know are thinking of hitting on Aquaman, Hawkman or any other similarly costumed freak, we suggest you first read...

JOHN CALDWELL's PET PEEVES OF SPIDER-MAN'S GIRLFRIEND

ARTIST AND WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL

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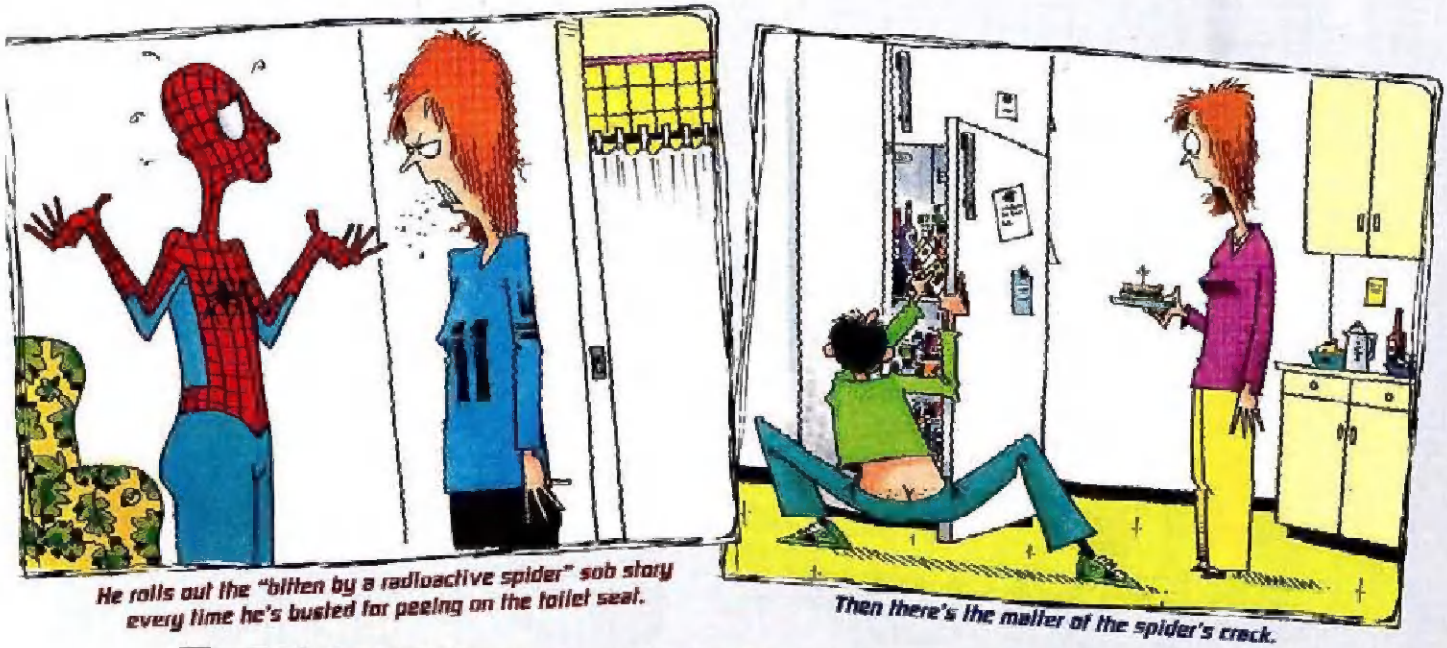

He rolls out the "bitten by a radioactive spider" sob story every time he's busted for peeing on the toilet seat.

Then there's the matter of the spider's crack.

The one spider power you never signed on for — his arachniflatulence.

He regularly uses the "no pockets in my costume" excuse to stick you with the check.

By day he sells photos of Spider-Man in action to the local newspaper, but by night he's selling photos of Spider-Man getting it on with you on the Internet.

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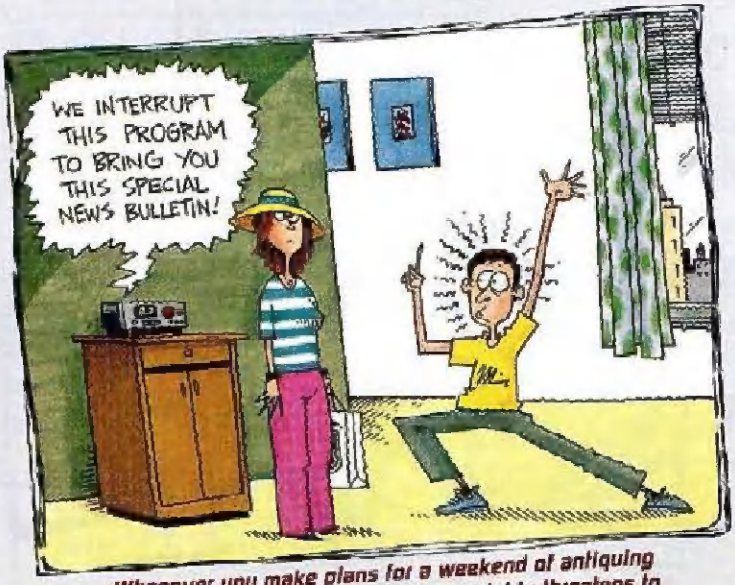
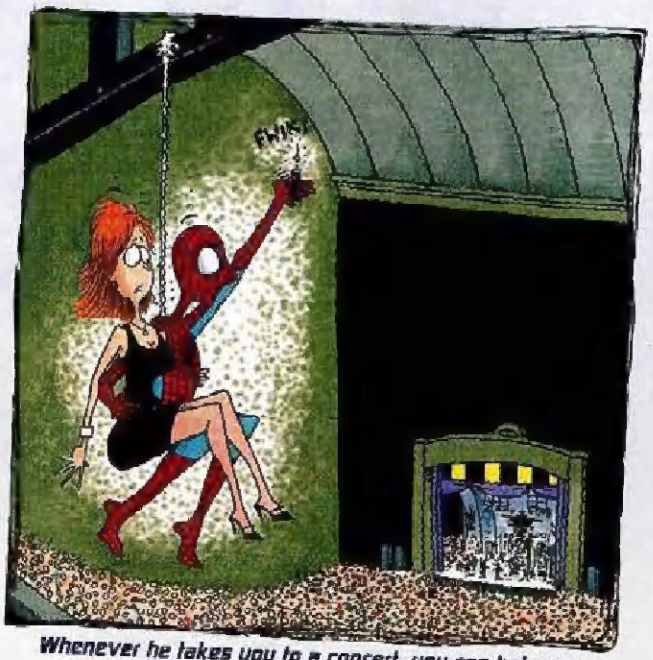
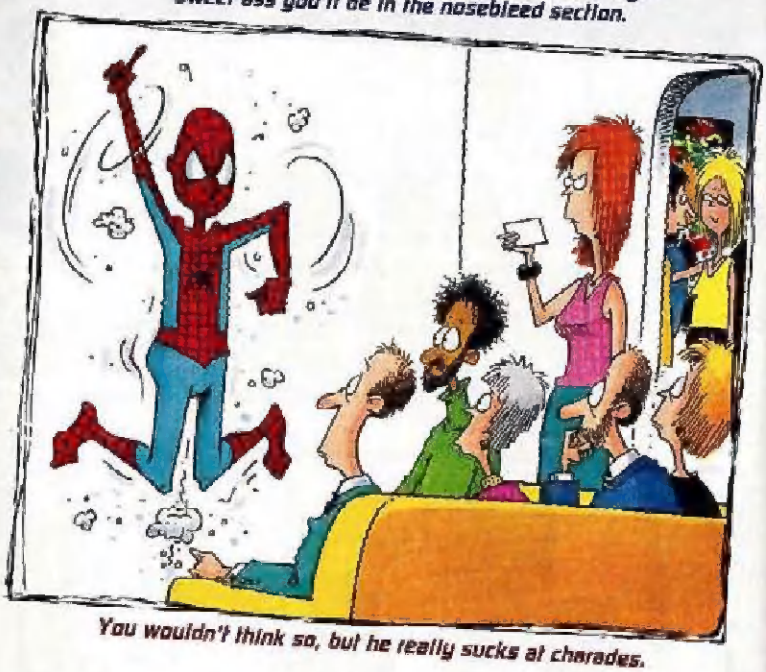


Whenever you make plans for a weekend of antiquing in the country, some archvillain invariably threatens to blow up a nearby orphanage.



Whenever he takes you to a concert, you can bet your sweet ass you'll be in the nosebleed section.

That (ahem) adverse sexual side effect to his habit of dangling upside down for hours, with the blood rushing to his head.



You wouldn't think so, but he really sucks at charades.

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WHAT WILL BE THE MOST GRUELING EVENT IN THE UPCOMING OLYMPICS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

The Olympics showcase the world's most disciplined and talented athletes, competing and pushing their bodies to the limit. Watching the competitions can be as draining for the audience as it is for the participants. There is one event, however, that takes the greatest toll on all those involved. To find out what it is, fold page in as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

LISTLESS OLYMPIC ACTIVITIES CAN BE DISHEARTENING TO BOTH FANS AND ATHLETES. IN ORDER TO CURB COSTLY INJURIES, CAUTION IS RULE ONE. THIS HAS DRIVEN REFEREES AND UMPIRES CRAZY. EVERY ONE ON AND OFF THE FIELD HOPES THIS ACTION ENDS SOON

A B

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